

# THE HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

Established March 4, 1885. Made Famous in the Story of "Jonathan and His Continent," by Max O'Rell.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

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TWELFTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY KENTUCKY. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1896.

NUMBER 86.

Washington and Eastern Railway.

Time Table in Effect April 1, 1896.

WEST BOUND.

STATIONS	No. 1. Daily.	No. 5. Daily, ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	10 00 am	4 35 pm
Axon.....	9 31 am	3 55 pm
Winchester.....	9 10 am	2 25 pm
Fairlie.....	8 54 am	2 00 pm
Indian Fields.....	8 37 am	1 10 pm
Clay City.....	8 19 am	1 40 pm
Stanton.....	8 10 am	1 20 pm
Faison.....	7 55 am	10 45 am
Dundee.....	7 43 am	10 17 am
Nat. Bridge.....	7 38 am	10 07 am
Torrent.....	7 24 am	9 35 am
Beatty's Jc.....	7 03 am	8 25 am
Three Fks C.....	6 53 am	8 00 am
Athol.....	6 32 am	7 18 am
Elkatawa.....	6 08 am	6 30 am
Jackson.....	6 00 am	6 10 am

EAST BOUND.

STATIONS.	No. 2. Daily.	No. 6. Daily ex. Sunday.
Lexington...	2 20 pm	6 30 am
Axon.....	2 47 pm	7 08 am
Winchester.....	3 07 pm	8 10 am
Fairlie.....	3 21 pm	8 54 am
Indian Fields.....	3 37 pm	9 24 am
Clay City.....	3 55 pm	11 45 am
Stanton.....	4 05 pm	12 10 pm
Faison.....	4 18 pm	12 41 pm
Dundee.....	4 32 pm	1 15 pm
Nat. Bridge.....	4 37 pm	1 26 pm
Torrent.....	4 51 pm	2 00 pm
Beatty's Jc.....	5 16 pm	3 05 pm
Three Fks C.....	5 26 pm	3 25 pm
Athol.....	5 48 pm	4 12 pm
Elkatawa.....	6 12 pm	5 05 pm
Jackson.....	6 20 pm	5 20 pm

Nos. 1 and 2 arrive and depart from C. & O. Union depot at Lexington. All freight trains arrive and depart from Netherland.

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## For THE HERALD.] MABLE PAGE'S FOLLY.

BY ANIBAS.

Pretty Mable Page was sixteen years old when her parents sent her to the little village of Waterloo to attend school. She was the idol of her teachers and loved by every one in school. She was the second daughter of fond and idolizing parents. Her father, honest John Page as every one called him, was only a poor blacksmith, and he and his good wife, who was once a beautiful Irish girl, worked day in and day out that they might be able to keep their pretty daughter in school.

Mable, their eldest daughter, had, at the age of ten years, gone to live with a maiden aunt, and at the tender age of fifteen years had married a well-to-do widower against the consent of her parents, therefore they and her beautiful young sister had never seen their Mable since her wedding day. Since Mable's marriage she had lived with her husband in Clayton, England.

Mr. Page's highest ambition was that Mable might obtain a good education so that she might be able to care for him and her mother in their old age. But she had been in school only a few months when she met Edmund Burke. He was a tall, stalwart young man of twenty-two summers, and the only son of a widowed mother. Edmund was a good student, and his teachers learned to love him as they had Mable Page. He and Mable became fast friends and their friendship ripened into love.

When vacation came Edmund accompanied Mable to her cozy country home and asked Mr. Page for his beautiful daughter. It was a great surprise to both Mr. and Mrs. Page, for they were made to believe that Mable would not give her heart to any man until her school days were ended. But Mr. Page knew it was his daughter's wish, and her will had always been the law on the Page farm, therefore he placed his daughter's hand in the hand of Edmund Burke, saying:

"My children, you have my blessings and hearty good wishes. Edward, may Mable prove to you as good a wife as her mother has been to me."

Edmund spent a week at the Page cottage, and everything was arranged for the wedding, which was to take place in the early fall.

Twice a week the postman brought a letter from Edmund to Mable. Time flew by. The wedding day was not far off. The bride's robe was made. The little parlor of the Page cottage was decorated with a neat but cheap suite of furniture.

Everything was in readiness when a telegram was received stating that Mr. Page's daughter, Myrtle Redmond, was dangerously ill at her home in Clayton, England, and her request was that they should all hasten to her. The first thought was of Edmund. A telegram was sent to him stating that the marriage must be postponed until their return. Little did Edmund Burke think what an awful fate awaited him.

Mr. Page and family hastened to the bedside of their dying daughter and sister. They found her surrounded by all the wealth her beautiful young life could wish for or even think of. In her childhood she had dreamed of wealth. Now she possessed it all by marrying a man several years her senior. But she had been perfectly happy with him.

Before she died she called her beautiful young sister to her, and told her she loved her as only a fond sister could love, and she pictured to her what it was to be a lady and to have a home surrounded by every luxury of life, and begged her to give up Edmund Burke, promising her all of her wealth and the beautiful and costly house in which she lived. She told Mable it was her own, and it should be hers if she would only heed her sister's dying request.

Mable thought this a great offer and was much elated. She could almost see herself mistress of this costly mansion. Her parents were consulted and it was agreed upon that she should never see Edmund again.

In the meantime Myrtle had introduced her husband's son, who had long been in love with a photo of Mable. He was a

handsome youth of twenty summers, and it was the dying request of Myrtle that Mable should marry her husband's son, Roy. Everything was settled, and Myrtle kissed her sweet young sister in peaceful and silent slumber. They buried her in the handsome cemetery at Clayton with all the honors a wealthy and idolizing husband might bestow upon a beloved wife.

A few days after the death of Myrtle, Mable penned Edmund these farewell lines:

"EDMUND—You and I must forever part. Forgive and forget the past. I must marry a fortune. May you be a happy man is the wish of MABLE."

After Edmund Burke read these lines he never smiled again. He wrote Mable only a few lines, saying:

"MABLE—You have crushed my heart. You have spoiled my life. O, God forgive you, for I can not! I would have made you a good husband, but, then, good bye."

Mable Page read these few lines in her own room of that beautiful and costly mansion, and wept as she had never wept before.

Time flew by, everything was arranged and Mable was soon to become the wife of Roy Redmond. The wedding day was only three weeks off, but Roy must go away for a short time and would return a week previous to the wedding day. He went to France where his sister lived. He wrote Mable long and loving letters, and sent her many beautiful and costly presents from France. The wedding trousseau was finished and lay on a couch before beautiful, hapless Mable Page. It was of fine, heavy brocade, almost covered with diamonds and costly lace. It was considered the most beautiful trousseau ever seen in the city of Clayton. Mr. and Mrs. Page were delighted. It had never appeared to them that their beautiful Mable was not happy. But she was not. She often thought of her lost and forsaken love, away back among the vine-clad hills of Ireland, and wept bitterly.

Only the day before Roy was to return he wrote Mable he could not come until the day before their wedding. No one doubted Roy Redmond, for he seemed so honest and so true. The day came for Roy to return, but he did not. They all seemed very restless at the Page mansion. Mable did not leave her room that day. Many handsome presents were left at the house, also hundreds of cards and letters of congratulations. The church in which they were to be married was beautifully decorated, and everything was in readiness.

That evening the once beautiful Mable Page, now as pale as death and trembling from head to foot, read a short note from Roy Redmond stating his marriage two days previous to a young French heiress. After that she never smiled again.

Her parents and friends did all they could to comfort the poor unhappy girl, but all in vain. They lived on in their wealth and luxury, but Mable hardly knew where she lived, or how.

She had never heard of Edmund since his little note came to her five months ago. She supposed he had forgotten all about her, when one day she purchased some books. When she reached home she found they were wrapped in an old newspaper published at Waterloo, Ireland, where she had gone to school. She scanned page after page, and read of many of schoolmates and friends. Some had died and some had married, but as yet she had read nothing of Edmund. When she reached the last page she noticed one column headed "Suicide," and it went on to tell how Edmund Burke had committed suicide over the beautiful Mable Page, whom they had all known and loved as a beautiful young school girl. She had been engaged to Edmund and had forsaken him for some wealthy man in England, and that she was now, no doubt, living in wealth and luxury, ignorant of what her folly had done.

This was too much for poor Mable. Her parents took her Germany, where they bought a cozy home in the country. There they still live with the beautiful and unhappy Mable though many years have passed and gone. She has had many offers of marriage, but she never ceases to think of her first love and the

little mound on the hillside in far away Ireland, where she visits once a year.

For "wealth" she lost the man she loved, and for "wealth" she lost the one she did not love, and for her folly she is still Mable Page.

### Merit It.

There are many persons today out of employment, and who feel that life is not worth living. Yet if we merit it we shall find work even in these hard times. Seventy-eight applied for a single position which was given to a man reduced to poverty, a man who once received a salary of \$150 per month in the "better days."

He said to me, "I realize now the necessity of making my employers feel that my services are valuable to them and I am trying to hold my position on merit alone." This is a point many lose sight of and to which the attention of young people is called. There are too many that want something for nothing. I have never forgotten the advice an Institute conductor gave to the teachers several years ago. He said, "Earn \$1.15 for every dollar you get and you'll hold your position. When you begin to feel that a district cannot get along without you, resign before you are dismissed for this dismissal will surely follow."

Good advice to any one. This professor is president of one of the best Normal schools in the northwest, a position which he has held eight years on merit. 'Tis true many gain positions through influence and in this way hold them in spite of inabilities. This is not the rule, however, and we must strive to obtain position by merit if we would hold it and rise to a better station. To barely do the work assigned in a barely passable manner is not enough. We must do our work in the best possible manner with neatness and dispatch. Those looking for "snaps" and wanting something for nothing richly deserve to beg for positions—no I'll retract this. They are to be pitied because they were not properly trained.

"This world is not so bad a world

As some would like to make it,  
Then whether good or whether bad  
Depends on how we take it."

Geo. W. Colborn, in Word and Works

### Brace Up and Take a Fresh Grip.

The following from an exchange is such an excellent piece of advice that if followed, will bring business and prosperity to all:

Quit talking hard times. Quit moaning about close collections. Quit standing off the man you owe, when he comes after what is due him. Loosen up on that job work you were going to have done "after the election." Make these purchases that you promised yourself to make at that same time.

In short, start things off with a boom. Meet your brother business man on the street with a smile, and say things are booming—that you are busy—that the outlook is fine. In two days you'll find it so, and so will those you meet and greet. This world is exactly what you make it and you can make it either one of brightness and anticipation or doubt and dark despair.

With the election settled there is no reason why this country should not at once take up its old time swing of prosperity. Business should revive and money come forth for investment. In this work each and every one can help.

Talk prosperity and good things.

Look prosperous and happy and you'll be surprised to see how fast the contagion spreads. It's a good time to start the new deal—right away."

The expression, "just my luck," is a favorite one with many boys and girls. It would be well to memorize the following proverbs:

Luck is waiting for something to turn up.

Labor, with keen eyes and a strong will, will turn up something.

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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

BAZEL GREEN, KY.

## BRITANNIA'S ESTATES.

An English Journal Takes Occasion to Do a Little Bragging.

It is safe to say that never has a monarch been called upon to reign over a realm of greater extent or wider influence than that which acknowledges Victoria as queen and empress.

The British Isles alone consist of not far short of 1,000 distinct islands or islets. Their area is 121,115 square miles, forming the boundaries within which some 18,500,000 males and nearly 19,500,000 females live, move, and have their being.

The British empire is a political creation without parallel in the world's history. It is scattered here, there and everywhere, with an area approaching 10,000,000 square miles. Its 400,000,000 inhabitants represent all degrees and phases of civilization. The Queen's Christian subjects are in the minority, there being 300,000,000 Hindoos, some 70,000,000 Mohammedans and 8,000,000 Buddhists. Something like 130 languages and dialects are spoken in this vast realm, in each of which the Bible is printed.

The union jack now floats triumphantly over a continent, 100 peninsulas, 100 promontories, 1,000 lakes, double that number of rivers, and no less than 10,000 islands. This stupendous estate enables the British to perform a feat which the natives of no other nation can imitate—to circumnavigate the globe and touch a portion of the national possessions the whole journey. Sailing from England, he makes for Halifax, N. S., dashes across Canada to Vancouver, thence by the Pacific to Hong Kong. Resuming his way, he halts at Singapore, Penang, Mauritius, Cape Town, St. Helena, the last place being the last stoppage ere Britain's white cliffs are reached. There is, however, an alternate route after arriving at Penang; thence he can go to Ceylon, Bombay, Aden, Perim, Malta, Gibraltar, and home again.

All zones are embraced in the British empire, from the icy wilderness of Hudson Bay to the tropical jungles of India. There is scarcely a product of commercial value which a British province does not bring forth in the highest perfection. Notwithstanding the diversified elements comprised in this enormous organization, the government, with very rare exceptions, maintains order, and there is no apparent sign of dissolution.

Without a doubt the most splendid jewel in the Queen's crown is the Indian empire, which is equal in size, if we exclude Russia, to the continent of Europe. Its population, bordering on 300,000,000, is composed of a variety of distinct nationalities, professing a multitude of religions, practicing diverse rites, and speaking different tongues. Official reports state that there are over 100 distinct languages, as apart from dialects, spoken in India. Many of the races are further divided by discordant prejudices, conflicting social usages and antagonistic material interests. The diversified elements constituting the Indian possessions represent, according to a late governor-general, as complicated a social and political organization as ever taxed human ingenuity to govern and administer.

Australia, although considerably larger than India, comes second in importance among Britannia's estates across the seas. The Australian colonies have progressed by leaps and bounds during the last generation, but their present greatness and importance give but the slightest indication of the future which awaits them. There can be no doubt that they are destined to rival European countries in wealth, population and the qualities which make a great nation. There are huge tracts of country still undeveloped, and when that great drawback, the limited water supply, is completely conquered, Australia will simply forge ahead.

By the way, New South Wales has the credit of having produced the largest lump of gold that human eyes have yet beheld. It was found in May, 1872, and its statistics were thus developed: Weight, 640 pounds; width, 3 feet 2 inches; height, 4 feet 9 inches, and last, but most important of all, its value was no less than \$150,000. Who would not willingly undergo an attack of gold fever if certain of finding a similar nugget?—London Mail.

### Full of Firmness.

"If you would refuse occasionally when those hateful men ask you to drink," said Mrs. Booce, "you would not be coming home in this condition. You lack firmness of character."

"Don't you b'leve nossin' of the sort," said Mr. Booce, with much dignity. "The fellers tried to start me home more'n two hours ago."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### No Need of Haste.

Weary Reporter—Any assignment for me to-day?

City Editor (briskly)—Yes. Go to Delaware and get a job in a powder mill, and when an explosion occurs write it up.

Reporter—Write it up?

City Editor—Well, you can wait till you come down.—Harlem Life.

—Idiot once meant simply boy. It is used by Shakespeare in this sense.

## A FAMILY DISGRACE.

Behold, my cheek is flushed with shame,  
I turn away mine eyes  
Because that one who bears my name  
Hath sinned in grievous wise—  
Because a very little dame  
Hath sinned beyond her size.

With Caroline (a patriarch  
Of five) to serve as guide,  
She started, happy as a lark,  
Her primer at her side.  
When she came home her brow was  
dark;  
I saw that she had cried.

Then Caroline detailed the case,  
And I could plainly see  
That shame must find abiding place  
For aye and aye with me,  
And that the family disgrace  
Was of profound degree.

I saw it then, I see it now;  
That for my wee girl's crime  
The brand must be upon my brow  
For all the future time—  
Indeed, my woe can scarce allow  
The use of fitting rhyme.

I know whate'er has dignified  
My name must pass away,  
And that the children will deride,  
And seeing me will say:

"There's Mr. Jones, whose baby cried  
In school the other day!"

Once I was designated by  
These tykes as 'Mr. Jones'  
Who has the wheel that's geared so  
high."

Or: "That nice man who owns  
The great big dog named Nellie Bly,  
That lives by Harry Stone's."

Such witnesses no more they'll bring  
When I'm identified;

Of me they'll only say this thing,  
In audible 'aside':

"His little girl went visiting  
In school one day, and cried."

Behold, my cheek is all afame,  
I turn away mine eyes,  
Because a very little dame,  
Who sinned beyond her size,  
Brought her family to shame,  
Which nothing can disguise.

—Chicago Record.

## ONE OF THE LEAST.

BY F. M. HOWARD.

**T**HERE were three of them on the train, two young girls and a young man, and they were evidently on a "lark," as well as on a journey. The three occupied two seats, the girls sitting together and the young man facing them, with their one valise on the seat beside him.

They had looked out of the window until they were tired of that, had chaffed the newsboy and asked the brakemen nonsensical questions until they had earned a sharp answer from each, and were now left with only the other passengers to furnish material for fun.

At the next stop an old man came in—a shabby, very shabby old man. He took a seat near the young people, and they seized upon him as a legitimate object for sport. He took off his battered old hat, and they giggled over the wen on top of his head, over which his straggling gray hairs were carefully combed. They found material for fun in the wisp of gray beard on the aged face, and in everything he wore, clean down to the cracked shoes on his feet, from which a knitted blue sock was trying to peep.

The old man's eyes were bleared and red, and he leaned heavily on his cane as the conductor came in. His voice was cracked, and shrill, too, as he asked questions, while the official punched his ticket and looked at him as if he would gladly send him into the second-class car if his ticket were not first-class.

The roar of the train dulled his hearing, and he held his trembling hand behind his ear to catch the conductor's answer, which was crisp and unsatisfactory. The poor get little of that ready courtesy which well-to-do people exact as their right from train officials;



THE OLD MAN'S DISTRESS.

and even the silly young man, with his high collar and low stock of good sense, met with more respect from the conductor than this aged man.

The old man was intensely funny to the trio on the lookout for amusement, and wit, such as it was, circulated freely at his expense.

The young people were to change cars at the next station, riding a few hours on a branch road, and the train was slowing up. They pushed rudely past the old man, who was evidently preparing to change, too, acting as if time were of the greatest importance. They stood on the platform as he descended from the car, going toward the baggage car with feeble steps.

A little, old-fashioned hair trunk, studded with brass nails, stood in the baggage car, and the baggageman gave it a vicious fling out upon the platform. The old man winced as the trunk struck the platform, and he hastened his steps as if to protect it. Too late! Like the old man, it was weak with age, and its sides parted at the shock, and the cover flew up from the back as the hinges broke.

A groan burst from the old man's lips, and with trembling hands he began to fumble helplessly at the garments, which, loosened from their close packing, had rolled out upon the platform.

"That your trunk, daddy? Sorry Iusted it for you, but Tad there, he'll fix it up for you, good as ever," cried the baggageman. He was not a bad fellow when he was not in a hurry, and was really sorry.

"Going up the branch, hey?" said the stationmaster at the office. "Well, just you wait a minute, there's plenty of time, and I'll get a rope. Jim's a little too fresh when he gets hold of an old piece of baggage, but we'll have it all right in a jiffy."

The young people stood by, quite convulsed with merriment, as the old man bent over his scattered property, tears of distress stealing down his aged face.

A woman's faded wrapper, an old bonnet with black satin strings, each carefully rolled up and pinned, and a pair of shoes even more worn than those upon the old man's feet, lay on the platform, and he was trying to fold up a faded plaid shawl when the baggageman came back with a rope.

"Here, let me do this, pappy," he said kindly. "You're all unstrung, and I'm used to this kind of business." He would have taken the shawl, but the old man resisted.

"I can't," he said, his cracked voice trembling with emotion. "Mother had it 'round her shoulders when she died. You're kind, mister, but it seems like I can't let nobody touch her things but me. We lived together 49 years; just one more would 'a' been our golden wedding, though we ain't never had much gold or silver in our lives; but the good Lord took her, and these clothes is all I've got left of her. We took this trunk with us on our wedding journey, and I thought it would last to carry her things this last time. Seemed like 'wouldn't be all right to put 'em into a new, strange trunk that didn't know her."

The merriment had all gone out of the faces of the two young girls and the young man turned away and walked to the end of the platform.

"Going to live with somebody, sir?"



SHE LAID IT 'ROUND HIS SHOULDERS.

asked the baggageman, wiping his eyes, apparently on account of a cinder or something of the kind which had lodged there.

"Yes, I've a good daughter, sir; just like her mother, and her husband is kind, too. I'm taking these clothes to her, and she'll vally 'em beyond everything." He had the faded bonnet in his hand and was patting it tenderly.

"I remember, sir, the day I bought her this 'ere bonnet. She hadn't a new one in five year, and sir, she was so pleased when I brought it home that she kissed me. Yes, sir, kissed me, and we'd been done with that sort of thing for years. Not that we didn't love one another, but seems like our love run so deep that there wan't no froth nor bubbles on the surface; no need of kissing and such, you understand."

The baggageman nodded. He wondered if his love for a bride of a year would ever run so deep that it would not seek outward expression, and he waited patiently while the old man folded and tucked the worn garments into the little old trunk.

"There you are, sir," he said, respectfully, after the strong cord was wound round and round and the trunk made as secure as possible. "There's half an hour yet to wait. Come in to the lunch counter and have a cup of hot coffee with me."

The young girls walked away arm in arm. "I never felt so ashamed in my life," said one, as she wiped away a tear with her embroidered handkerchief. "That poor old soul, and we laughing at him!"

It happened that the four were seated near each other in the train going up the branch. The old man was weary, and he tucked his old hat into the corner by the window frame, and, drooping his head upon it, was soon fast asleep.

Though the day was chilly, he had no overcoat. One of the gay young girls—she who had had the grace to be ashamed—slipped off her handsome fur-trimmed cape, and, rising, gently laid it around his shoulders.

Her companion did not even smile, nor did the young man; and the train rattled on toward its destination.—Youth's Companion.

## LUCKY POLICIES OF INSURANCE.

Risks Taken Out Just in the Nick of Time for the Insured.

A very remarkable thing occurred to a Sheffield grocer a few months ago. Having a wife and three children dependent upon him, and not making an income much more than sufficient for current expenses, the grocer decided to take out an insurance upon his life for the protection of his family against destitution in the event of their being suddenly robbed of his support. He applied to a good company, and went through the usual formalities, and awaited the results.

A few days later, after having closed his shop for the night, he was sitting in his parlor over the shop, when he heard the postman's characteristic knock. He threw down his paper and hurried downstairs. When in the middle of a long, steep flight, his foot slipped, and he was forcibly precipitated down the remainder of the stairs into the hall below, where he struck his head heavily against a metal letter box, which caused concussion of the brain, from which he died in the course of a few days.

The extraordinary feature of this story, which sounds like the daring fiction of a penny-a-liner, is the fact that in the letter box at the time of the accident was the life insurance policy for which the grocer had been negotiating. It had just been delivered by the postman, to whose knock he had responded.

There are many similar cases of policies being taken out at the eleventh hour, as it has proved. Only last summer a gentleman, who was on the following day to have started on a mountaineering tour through Switzerland, went to a big London insurance company to go through the final formalities and get his policy. This was done, and he left the office, which is situated in a thoroughfare where the traffic is seriously congested. Turning straight out of the office, without looking where he was going, he ran into the horse of a hansom, by which he was knocked down and fatally injured.

A strange case illustrative of the value of newspaper insurance, which has become popular of recent years in England, was that of a country carpenter. He had just knocked off work from a near station, and was loitering about talking to the porters, when a train came in and stopped. From one of the compartments directly opposite the carpenter, a gentleman alighted, leaving a paper upon the seat. The man mentioned the fact to him, and, being informed that it was no longer wanted, he took possession of it for himself to read over his evening pipe. He put it in his pocket, and after a few more remarks to the porters, went off home, making his way along the railway, which in the country is a much more common thing than is supposed. About half way home he was overtaken by a train, knocked down and killed instantly. His wife very promptly—it is remarkable how prompt people can be under these circumstances—put in her claim for the insurance of which the paper the deceased carried was the policy, and proved her kinship.—London Times.

So to every college lad the tobacco question is paramount. Long college days and college nights seem incomplete without the pipe. Tobacco is part of the college romance. And from time to time statisticians have made record of the tobacco-using student and those who forswore smoke. They have tried to draw lessons from the figures and many a freshman has added to his stock of terrors the fear that he might hamper himself with the tobacco habit, keep himself off the honor list and wind up heaven knows where, a victim to the weed.

Just to afford the balsam of comfort to the collegiate, no doubt, a wise man by the name of Dr. Drysdale has written to the British Medical Journal a whole article on the subject.

The collegian who thinks he is the only pebble on the beach is a much-mistaken boy. All these facts and figures about tobacco and the people who use it and the people who don't use it, and the effect of it on their intellects and all that were put into tables long before he was even in swaddling clothes.

Dr. Drysdale says that Bertillon, the wise and thoughtful Frenchman, figured out and displayed the whole business in 1853. He gathered statistics about college boys and their smoking that are just as interesting and just as significant as any that have been published recently.

Perhaps, indeed, there is a double lesson in these old figures about the effect of smoke on the capacity for intellectual labor.

The school which Bertillon in 1853 chose for his observation was the Polytechnic of Paris, a school which is famous wherever real education has ever been heard of.

He found on inquiry made by him concerning the pupils of the Polytechnic school of Paris that 108 of the pupils smoked and 52 did not smoke. He then arranged the 160 pupils in eight divisions, according to the place they held in examination, 20 in each rank, and found of the 20 who stood highest six were smokers and 14 nonsmokers. Of the next 20 ten were smokers and ten nonsmokers; of the next 20 11 smoked and nine did not smoke, thus showing how much higher the nonsmokers stood intellectually than the habitual smokers.

He also found that the mean rank of the smokers, as compared with that of the nonsmokers, deteriorated from their entering to their leaving the school. As a result of Bertillon's inquiry the minister of public instruction of France issued a circular, addressed to the directors of schools and colleges, forbidding the use of tobacco and cigars to students.—N. Y. Journal.

Elephants in Battle.

In a certain sense elephants are still used in battle by Indian troops, but they are only used as beasts of burden and draught for artillery, but in ancient times they were used in the east as fighting animals, and taught to swing chains and bars of metal in their trunks. There is, however, every probability that the last campaign in which they were regularly used in this capacity was that of the year 1601, in which the great Akbar subdued the native kingdoms of the Deccan and established the Mohammedan power in India.—Chicago Chronicle.

## A LITTLE NONSENSE.

"Par, what is your 'busy day'?" "Well, happy urchin, it is when I stay at home to rest, and your mother gets me to do a few little odd jobs around the house."—Tit-Bits.

A gentleman's linen cuff directed to the owner, and stamped with a penny stamp, recently went through the post office. It bore this message: "Please call and pay your washing bill.—Your Laundress."—Tit-Bits.

Sure Not to Fit.—"I have been reading about the coming styles in sleeves," remarked Mrs. Frankstown. "Are they to be too tight or too loose?" asked Mrs. Point Breeze.—Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph.

Dealer—"Here's a cyclometer I can recommend. It is positively accurate; not at all like some cycl

## THE FARMING WORLD.

### ABOUT KAFFIR CORN.

Valuable Pointers Supplied by the Kansas Experiment Station.

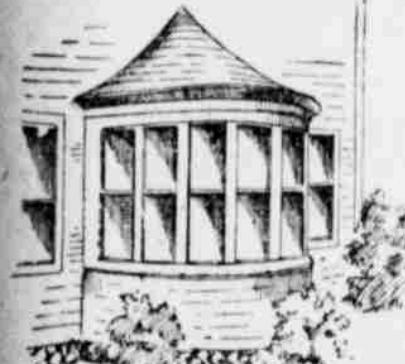
A recent bulletin issued by the Kansas experiment station says that in an average season red Kaffir corn will mature in about 12 or 14 weeks. Planted in the middle or latter part of May, the seed is ripe by the middle of September, and it should be harvested at once. The fodder will remain green until frost, but this fact should not be made an excuse for putting off the harvest. The earlier it is cut after the seed is ripe the more time will there be for stalks to cure, which is an essential point, especially if the fodder is stacked.

Any of the many good corn cutters on the market will do the work. When the seed has dried out sufficiently so it can be stored, which condition it will not reach until the end of November, it should be threshed. It is true that many growers feed the crop as it comes from the shock, seed and all, but it is a wasteful way to handle it, though of course the cost of threshing and grinding must be taken into consideration, and doubtless there are considerations under which this cost will exceed the value of the waste incurred by feeding without threshing or grinding. One way of proceeding is to gather the heads in the field, as corn is gathered, before the crop is cut. A better way is to cut the heads off in the stock after the seed is dry, and thresh them at once. We have on one occasion threshed the whole stalk, but this has the objection that the fodder is badly broken up, and it also requires that the stalks shall be well cured in order to avoid heating when stacked. We have also threshed it by taking each armful of fodder and sticking the heads into the cylinder for instant; but this method requires too much handling of the whole crop and is, therefore, not desirable, unless the fodder in the process of stacking or storing away must be handled anyway. As in the handling of corn fodder, it is desirable to save as much time as possible. The seed is hard and brittle, especially the red sort, and will sometimes crack badly in threshing. When this is the case it can largely be remedied by removing the concave in the thresher and putting in boards instead. For the reason noted above the seed should be ground, and the finer the better, in order to utilize it to the best advantage.

### ADDITION FOR PLANTS.

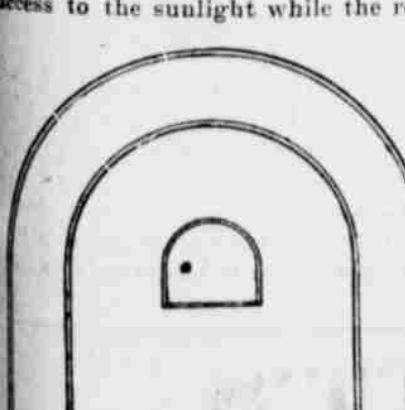
How the Dwelling House May Be Provided with One Cheaply.

A small plant house can quite readily be provided by building an addition to the sunny side of the dwelling house. If this is given too much the aspect of a greenhouse—by making the addition rectangular and having a glass roof—



VIEW OF PLANT HOUSE.

The appearance of the house is seriously injured, as the addition savors too much of commercial plant growing. A perspective view of an added plant room that is at once a graceful addition to a house, and a most serviceable room for plants, is shown in the accompanying illustration, Fig. 1, with a floor plan, Fig. 2, showing the interior arrangement. The circular shape gives great access to the sunlight while the room



FLOOR PLAN.

is made high enough so that glass is not needed in the roof. The center bench can be used for some lofty plant, or plants, which will be in full view from the room adjoining. Portieres separate the two rooms. One who is anything of a mechanic can construct this without the aid of a carpenter, but it would be well to employ a carpenter to lay out the job and make water-tight connections at roof and sides of the house.—Orange Judd Farmer.

### Unhealthy Business.

The British home secretary has declared the process of sorting wool, goat hair, or camel's hair, and the processes incidental thereto, to be dangerous or injurious to health.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

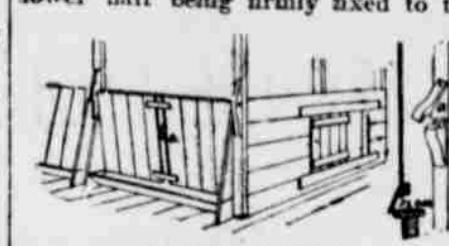
It is poor economy to feed wet fodder to stock by scattering on the ground on a rainy day.

### HOUSING THE HOGS.

A Structure Which Is at Once Convenient and Inexpensive.

The structure is raised on posts or stone pillars, so that a small platform of two feet or more in height may be erected just outside one of the doors. As but one end of the building is thus necessarily elevated, it is best, where possible, to select a sloping piece of ground for its location, placing the building so that entrance may be had at the other end without the use of steps. As a matter of economy in building material, the rear wall is made lower than the front, the ridge of the roof running along the line front of the series of pens.

The front of each pen consists of a hanging door, a, Fig. 1, swinging back and forth within the trough, and held in either position by a sliding latch, b, thrust into a hole near the edge of the trough. These hanging doors are made removable by the use of separable brackets as shown at a, Fig. 2, the lower half being firmly fixed to the



SWINGING DOOR.

post, the upper half being held in place by a coach screw, which permits motion from side to side and ordinarily is retained in position by a nail or pin driven into the post on each side of the block.

When loading hogs on a wagon the rear of the wagon is brought against the outer end of the platform and lowered to its level by cutting soil from beneath the wheels. The front of the platform is temporarily boarded up, while the open door closes the back. One of the hanging doors is now removed and the hogs are driven along the passage in front of the pens, out upon the platform, which is level with the floor, and into the wagon, with but little persuasion.

Between the pens are sliding doors, held in position by a pin or bolt passing through the door, and working in a series of holes in one of the partition boards. In this way large and small animals may be separated for feeding and yet all have access to the same yard through the same door or part may be shut in at pleasure. The doors that communicate with the yard are double; an outer door which may be permanently closed and a swing door hung between the posts, shutting out wind, rain and snow when the outer door is open. To facilitate the removal of the excrement, an opening of a few inches next the floor at the rear of the pens extends the entire length of the building. This is closed by a narrow board in sections of a few feet in length hung just above it and resting against the edge of the floor, which extends an inch or two beyond the sill, as represented at c, Fig. 2.—S. P. Shull, in Farm and Home.

### FACTS FOR FARMERS.

Every hog feeder should know at what weight to sell.

Ewes should always be in a thrifty condition when bred.

Every feeder should know the ration that is best for his animals.

Kind treatment generally begets a gentle disposition in a horse.

Plenty of salt and water will help to maintain good health with hogs.

On many farms during the fall months is one of the best times to drain.

The corn shucking should be pushed now. Get it all under shelter as soon as possible.

Of all animals on the farm the sheep is usually credited with being the best weed and briar eater.

There should be a sufficient growth of grass left on the meadows to properly mulch the plants.—Farmers' Union.

### Preparing Land for Irrigation.

The successful irrigator pays first attention to leveling his land, for it is important to secure an even distribution. Surplus water should not be permitted to stand anywhere. If there are low places which are not properly drained, they receive more than their share of water, which will settle in them, making the ground soggy, and, if there is any clay in the soil, will cause it to bake. They do not dry out in time to be cultivated when the higher portions are in the best conditions.

A uniform condition of the soil over the whole field is a practical necessity. Thirty minutes after the water has ceased to flow over the surface, there should be standing water in any part if you would have ideal irrigation. In no other way is this practicable, except to level the land to start upon.—Rural World.

### A Hint for Beginners.

If you are beginning with fowls, don't think that your first step is to devise some new variety or cross that shall knock out all others at one crack. Take the breeds which others have experimented with and brought up to a state of strength and productiveness that cannot be questioned. This country has plenty of varieties. What it needs is more poultry raisers and less "fanciers."

### OLD AGE BRINGS RESEMBLANCE

When Years Creep Upon Them Members of Families Look Like Each Other.

"Age brings out family likenesses or resemblance as nothing else can or will," remarked a scientist who has given much attention to the study of physiology and its running mate, physiognomy," says the Washington Star. "In the ordinary life of a man or woman they are so much occupied by other things—that is, with the pleasures, passions or business of the world—that they do not show any of the lineaments of their parents. When old age comes on them, however, they show many of the resemblances of the parent stock. Take your own circle, for illustration.

"If you are old enough to remember the parents of any of your friends or relatives you will notice that as they in turn grow old the family likenesses come out. There are, of course, some people who have the general features and appearances of their parents, and in many cases of both father and mother, though in most cases of but one, and that most likely of the father, in their youth and through their life. There are others, though, who had none of the marked family likenesses until they reached an advanced age. By this I mean 50 years or so. In many cases persons have shown in their own faces none of the family likenesses until they reached very advanced ages, and it grows more and more marked as they leave the milestones of age behind them."

### MAIMED MOTOR MAN.

Drawn Out of Shape By a Peculiar Disease—He Is Made Whole.

From the Crisis, East Liverpool, Ohio.

It is hardly necessary to introduce Mr. Robert Collingwood to the people of East Liverpool, Ohio, as everybody in that section of the country knows him, but to those who have not the pleasure of his acquaintance, let it be stated that he is a mormon on the East Liverpool and Wellsville Electric Street Railway, and he has the esteem and has had the sympathy of the community in which he resides, on account of a bone-racking disease, which bailed the skill of physicians. In fact for months he was thought to be the most unfortunate of men, as he lay upon his bed enduring excruciating agonies. His limbs were drawn out of shape, and he was looked upon as a hopeless cripple by his fellows, and as for his ever being able to put his hand to a lever again, such a thing was never expected.

While the Union was doing all in its power financially and otherwise for his benefit, to the astonishment of his friends, and especially of physicians, Mr. Collingwood began to mend and soon was able to report for duty at the power house of the company.

When asked to what he attributed his recovery he said: "To Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had really given up all hope of recovery, and had lost all faith in doctors and medicine, when I was induced to try Pink Pills, so procuring a box from our East End druggist, I began using them in a half-hearted manner, but in a very short time I began to notice an improvement in my condition. My pains became less frequent and severe, my appetite was better, and a wish to live supervened and ambition reappeared taking the place of the chronic exhaustion and resignation of despair which had hitherto marked my condition. I wanted to move about in the open air, and found to my delight that I was able to do so. My kidneys, which had been sluggish even in normal health, acted regularly. My digestion improved and my blood circulated as it had not done for years. I was soon able to walk to the drugstore and buy my own medicine, which it is needless to say was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I can now do my work and am getting stronger every day."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct from Dr. Williams' Med. Co.

MAMMA (after she had punished Tommy)—"Stop making such dreadful faces." Tommy (bursting into tears)—"I ain't. I'm trying to keep a stiff upper lip."—Harper's Bazaar.

HAD FAITH IN HER AIM.—Johnny had been naughty. "Go into the garden," said his mother, "and fetch me a stick." Johnny (five minutes later)—"Couldn't find a stick, muver; but here's a stone you might frow at me."—London Figaro.

STREETER—"I don't understand how you can be so engrossed in religious work." Kirke—"I suppose it depends in large measure upon association. There are people who are interested in golfing, for instance." Streeter—"Oh, that's different."—Boston Transcript.

"I WANT TO ORDER THIS SUIT," said Chump, "but I can't pay for it till the end of six months." "All right, sir; it will be ready for you by that time."—Detroit Free Press.

A PHILOSOPHER says that nothing seems to please a fly so much as to be mistaken for something to eat, and if it can be baked in a cake and palmed off on the unwary as a currant, it does happy. Tit-Bits.

MANCHESTER—"The man I introduced you to awhile ago is one of the most noted hunters in the country." Birmingham—"I wouldn't have thought it from his conversation." Manchester—"It's true, nevertheless. He is a fortune hunter."—Pittsburgh Chronicle.

"I HAVE found another use for the chafing-dish," said Mr. Cawker to his wife, on that lady's return home from a visit to the country. "Well, dear!" "While you were away I threw it out of the bedroom window at a loquacious cat, and it killed the animal."—Harper's Bazaar.

"THE evidence shows that you have been scorched," spoke the magistrate, with great sternness. "You appear to be a persistent habitual scorcher. What have you to say for yourself?" "Do I look like I was scorchin' now?" asked the blue-nosed youth who stood shivering with dread before him.—Chicago Tribune.

### Personally Conducted Excursions to California

Via the Chicago, Union Pacific & Northwestern Line leave Chicago every Thursday. Comfortable Tourist Sleeping Cars, low rates, quickest time and the best of care and attention, are advantages secured by those who join these excursions. For full particulars apply to your nearest ticket agent, or address W. B. KNISKERN, G. P. & T. A., Chicago & North Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.

MISS KEEDICK—"What an awful talker Mr. Gilley is, and how little he says when he speaks!" Miss Kittish—"The poor fellow is troubled with an impediment in his thoughts."—N. Y. World.

THE LADIES.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use Syrup of Pigs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Pig Syrup Company, printed near the bottom of the package. For sale by all respectable druggists.

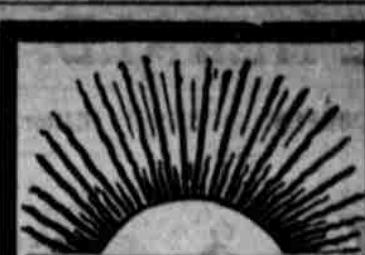
"THERE are no jokes like the old jokes," said the humorist blithely and gay. "And the jokes that now find favor please the folks of another day."—Philadelphia North American.

WE think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs.—JENNIE PINCKARD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

TEACHER—"What is a straight line?" Pupil—"The picture of its own road which each company prints in the railroad map."—Boston Transcript.

WHEN bilious or costive, eat a Cascare, candy cathartic, cure guaranteed, 10c, 25c.

"DOROTHY says she was disappointed in England." "Why was that?" "Things didn't look so English as she thought they would."—Chicago Record.



### DISEASE DOES NOT STAND STILL.

Every one is either growing better or worse.

How is it with you?

You are suffering from

### KIDNEY, LIVER OR URINARY TROUBLES.

Have tried doctors and medicine without avail, and have become disgusted.

DON'T GIVE UP!

### Nature's Safe Cure

WILL CURE YOU.

Thousands now well, but once like you, say so. Give an honest medicine an honest chance.

Large bottle or new style smaller one at your druggist's. Write for free treatment blank to-day. Warner's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N. Y.

### A Cougher's Coffers

may not be so full as he wishes, but if he is wise he will neglect his coffers awhile and attend to his cough. A man's coffers may be so secure that no one can take them away from him. But a little cough has taken many a man away from his coffers. The "slight cough" is somewhat like the small pebble that lies on the mountain side, and appears utterly insignificant. A fluttering bird, perhaps, starts the pebble rolling, and the rolling pebble begets an avalanche that buries a town. Many fatal diseases begin with a slight cough. But any cough, taken in time, can be cured by the use of

### Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

More particulars about Pectoral in Ayer's Curebook, 100 pages.

Sent free. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.



"How happy could I be with either  
Were the other dear charmer away."

### Battle Ax PLUG

The ripest and sweetest leaf and the purest ingredients are used in the manufacture of "Battle Ax," and no matter how much you pay for a much smaller piece of any other high-grade brand, you cannot buy a better chew than "Battle Ax."

For 5 cents you get a piece of "Battle Ax" almost as large as the other fellow's 10-cent piece.

### SPARKLING DIAMONDS

Latest Invention. Dazzles the eye and keeps brilliant. Big money for Agents. Sample Pto or send and terms, by mail on receipt of \$1. G. C. GRIFFIN JEWELRY CO., 40 Boston St., Allentown, Pa.

A. N. K.-E.

1629

PLEASE WRITE TO ADVERTISING

DEPARTMENT IN THIS PAPER.

## THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER. : : : : Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.  
THURSDAY ..... Dec. 3, 1896

### LA CONCILIVE NEWS.

OUTSIDE competition from small manufacturers became so great that the nail trust could not keep up prices and it went to pieces.

FIVE thousand Palmer and Buckner Democrats, constituting the tail, are trying to wag the entire Democratic dog.— Lexington Argonaut.

THE cold wave which struck this section Saturday night came from the northwest where everything had been snow-bound for several days and blizzards were running around loose.

AFTER witnessing the late contest between the Yale and Princeton foot ball teams, Joe Choynski, a noted prize fighter, pronounces the game more brutal and dangerous than prize fighting.

A FOOT BALL player was killed while playing a game in New York the other day. He tackled and was thrown heavily to the ground. He attempted to rise but was unable to and expired almost instantly.

WHAT is said to have been the largest woman in the world died at Ravenna, O., recently. She was known to the public as "Big Marie," though her real name was Mrs. Mary Ellen Edwards. She weighed upward of 700 pounds.

IF THE trust law or any other law of the United States is not greater than the greatest and wealthiest combination of the greatest and wealthiest men in the country, then we have government not by law but by combinations against law.— N. Y. World.

THE Republicans of Magoffin county held a primary election a short time ago and made the following nominations: For county judge, Wm. May; Camille Mann, circuit clerk; Rev. Caudill, county clerk; J. White Power, sheriff; Harry Atkinson, county superintendent.

A CASE of alcholic poisoning showing the deadly effects of essences and extracts has just occurred at Vigo, Ross county, Ohio. Thurman Rutherford drank a pint of whisky, and being in a local option town where he could get no more whisky, he bought fifteen bottles of essence of peppermint at a drug store and drank the fiery liquid, about thirty ounces. His death was the direct result of drinking the essence.

MUCH talk is indulged in about the currency commission which was agitated in congress last year. It is now proposed that a resolution be passed at the next session of congress authorizing the president to appoint a commission of nine non-partisan citizens in trade, political economy and banking, to act with the comptroller of the currency, to offer recommendations for needed changes in the present inadequate banking and currency system.

THE tremendous power of Niagara falls has been harnessed, and is now utilized in generating a current which is sufficient to run all the electric cars in Buffalo, N. Y., and quite a number of industrial establishments. The distance is 27 miles, and it is thought enough power can be furnished to create sufficient electric energy to do the lighting and heating, as well as furnishing the motive power, for a circuit of one hundred miles.

THE Democratic state central and executive committees met at Lexington recently and without a dissenting voice

declared that none but those who voted for Bryan and Sewall electors should be permitted to vote at the primary elections or participate in conventions to select county officers. The resolution reads as follows: "Resolved, That it is the sense of the Democratic state central and state executive committees, in joint meeting assembled, that only those voters who supported the nominees of the Chicago convention in the late national election should be permitted to take part in any Democratic convention, primary election, or precinct meeting, to be held in the various counties for the purpose of nominating candidates for county offices."

OLD ZACH CHANDLER used to say that the Democratic party might be depended on to act the fool at the right time. We do not believe old Zach was a prophet, but as a rough guess his prediction looks as if he was.

In 1860 they split into factions and were banished from power for twenty-five years. They committed another great error in 1872, and now in the present year they have divided again and we see no grounds on which the warring factions can meet on mutually satisfactory terms. Certainly the Kentucky factions will not be able to get together at all, as threats of ostracism are already being made by both sides and the fight between them bids fair to become a war of extermination. The final upshot of the conflict means Republican supremacy in the state.—Cov. Commonwealth.

SOMETHING of a stir was created among the gold standard Democrats at Kansas City, Mo., by the reading of a spirited letter from Hon. D. R. Francis, secretary of the interior, at a banquet in celebration of the recent defeat of free silver. After referring to the results of the recent election and declaring that in his opinion it settled the financial question, at least until the existing standard shall have been given a fair and thorough trial, Secretary Francis said: "While I agree with the advocates of sound money in the fight recently made, there are many principles advocated by some of those who have been advocates of that cause to which I can not subscribe. If sound legislation is not enacted to check the growing influence of wealth and circumscribe the powers of the trusts and monopolies, there will be an uprising of the people before the century closes which will endanger our very institutions."

**Resolutions of Respect.**  
At a meeting of the Mt. Sterling Bar, and officers of the Montgomery Circuit Court, held at the Court House in Mt. Sterling, Ky., on the 24th day of November, 1896, touching the death of Hon. T. J. Henry, Hon. Thomas Turner was called to the chair, and Mr. Finley E. Fogg was selected as secretary.

Upon motion, Judge B. F. Day, Hons. A. T. Wood, M. S. Tyler, John G. Winn, W. A. DeHaven, A. B. White, J. C. Reid and H. M. Woodford were appointed a committee to draft suitable and appropriate resolutions.

The committee reported the following resolutions, which, after being addressed by Judge B. F. Day, Hon. H. B. Kinsolving, Messrs. J. C. Reid and Finley E. Fogg, were unanimously adopted.

**RESOLVED**, That we deeply deplore the death of our friend and brother, the Hon. Thos. J. Henry, who was in the fifty-sixth year of his age, suddenly stricken down in the prime of life, on the 22d inst., at Hazel Green, Ky.

2. That Capt. T. J. Henry was a noble man; a gallant and brave Confederate soldier; a true friend; model husband; loving father, and a true and honored citizen, and the virtues of his life were such that they were worthy of imitation by his bereaved friends and brethren of the bar.

3. That Capt. Henry was born in Montgomery county, Ky., emigrated to Morgan county, studied law and began practice there, and moved to this city about two years ago and formed a partnership with Hon. J. M. Elliott. In his lifetime he was the recipient of many honors, namely, county court clerk of Morgan, clerk of the court of appeals and member of the Kentucky legislature from the counties of Morgan, Breathitt and Magoffin, and fulfilled all these stations with honor to himself and credit to his constituents, and the hiatus created by his death will long be felt in this community.

4. That as a mark of respect we will

attend his funeral in a body, and wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, and we hereby tender to his bereaved widow and family relations and friends our sincere condolence in their great misfortune; and the secretary of this meeting is directed to furnish his bereaved widow with a copy of these resolutions, and the Montgomery circuit court is requested at its approaching January term to have them entered at large on the record of said court, and the city papers, and the West Liberty, Hazel Green, Jackson, Morehead and Owingsville papers, are requested to publish these proceedings in full.

On motion the meeting adjourned.

THOS. TURNER, Chairman.  
FINLEY E. FOGG, Secretary.

**WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN** or women to travel for responsible established house in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago. 23-48

**NERVOUS** Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier and **NERVE TONIC**.

#### COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

WOLFE CIRCUIT COURT.  
Jas. W. Lindon, guardian, plaintiff, against D. S. Godsey, etc., defendant.

Equity.  
Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Malissa Mareum, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of the Wolfe Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at the Circuit Court Clerk's office in Campton, Ky., from the 10th day of December, 1896, to receive and hear proof of claims against said deceased, and settle with D. S. Godsey, administrator; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

J. F. VANSANT,  
Master Commissioner W. C. C.

#### COMMISSIONER'S NOTICE.

WOLFE CIRCUIT COURT.  
Wm. Farmer's admr., plaintiff, against Wm. Farmers' Heirs, etc., defendants.

Equity.  
Notice is hereby given to the creditors of Wm. Farmer, deceased, that the undersigned, Commissioner of Wolfe Circuit Court, under an order in the above styled cause, will attend at the Circuit Court Clerk's office in Campton, Ky., from the 11th day of December, 1896, to receive and hear proof of claims against said deceased, and settle with Jonathan Creech, administrator; and that all claims not presented to him and proven as required by law, within the time specified above, will be forever barred.

J. F. VANSANT,  
Master Commissioner W. C. C.

#### FOR SALE.

Necessity compels me to collect all that is owing to me so that I can pay debts that I owe. All who are indebted to me that do not make settlement with me at once, will find their notes or account in the hands of an officer for collection. I want to sell all the real estate I own and have control of, consisting of two houses and lots in Campion; six acres of land in Campion; one farm of sixty acres one and one-half miles from Campion, and four lots in Walnut Grove, Ky. Will sell on easy terms.

JOSEPH C. LYKINS,  
Campion, Ky.  
July 22, 1896.

#### THE LONG WINTER EVENINGS ARE INCOMPLETE



Without the  
**HERALD.**

#### THE ACCIDENTS OF LIFE

Write to T. S. QUINCY,  
Drawer 156, Chicago, Secretary  
of the STAR ACCIDENT  
COMPANY, for information  
regarding Accident Insurance.  
By so doing you can save  
membership fee. Has paid over \$600,000.00 for  
accidental injuries.

Be your own Agent.

NO MEDICAL EXAMINATION REQUIRED

**THE HERALD**  
IS THE BEST ADVERTISING  
MEDIUM IN EASTERN KY.

Good Judges Say  
That Our

**\$ 5.00**  
**Suits**   
**7.50**  
**10.00**

ARE THE BEST IN THE CITY.

Next week we will put on  
sale 100 pairs of **MEN'S**  
**ALL-WOOL BLACK CHE-**  
**VIOT PANTS** at

**\$1.50 per Pair.**

**LOUIS AND GUS STRAUS,**

LEADING CLOTHIERS

LEXINGTON AND SOMERSET,

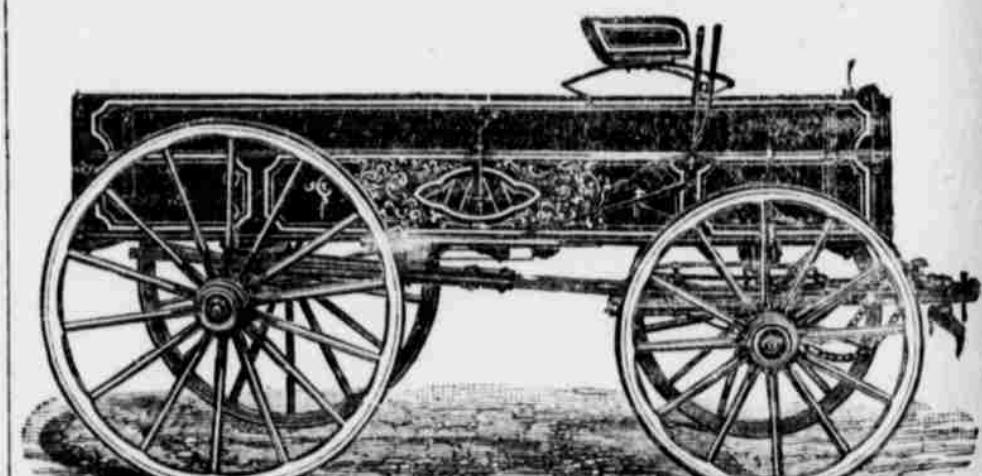
KENTUCKY.

**ROSE & DAVIS**

PRACTICAL

**BLACKSMITHS AND WAGON MAKERS,**

HAZEL GREEN, KENTUCKY.



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# THE HERALD.

## Hazel Green Hearseys Happenings.

R. D. Motley is still very sick.

Major W. J. Seitz was in town yesterday.

What has become of all our correspondents?

Prof. H. H. Holley will preach at Ezel Sunday.

Judge Amos Davis was in town this week trying to sell our merchants some clothing.

Willie L. Day and wife, from Spencer, are visiting his father and family at this place this week.

Thomas M. and Floyd Havens, of Index, visited their brother, J. M. Havens, at this place, Thanksgiving day.

"Spence" Cooper, the invincible editor of the HAZEL GREEN HERALD, and another religious paper, is in town.—Lexington Argonaut.

We recently printed some circulars for Prof. J. A. Lipp, who will soon begin a high school at Frenchburg. Write him for particulars.

Miss Minnie L. Day was on the sick list several days this week, and Miss Lula Kash took charge of Consolation school during the interim.

The irrepressible Charles O'Connell has again launched forth on the stormy sea of journalism. His latest venture is entitled the Evening Breeze, and is published at Lake City, Fla. May it waft him many shekels.

A letter from Elder J. T. Pieratt to his wife brings the joyful news that he has just closed a most successful meeting near Stanton, in Powell county, having had 28 additions. He is now holding a meeting at Cane creek, which also promises much.

The outlay in running this paper is far beyond what many think, and it takes cash to pay printers, buy paper, pay postage and buy ink. Hand in that dollar you owe and you will help the cause. Don't try to beat the printer out of his just dues.

Elder W. T. Donaldson, of North Midletown, arrived on Tuesday afternoon, and the protracted meeting at the Christian church is now in progress. Preaching every evening at 6:30 o'clock. Everybody is cordially invited to attend all the meetings.

The court of appeals has reversed the decision of the Morgan circuit court in the case of Lafe Brooks, who was sentenced to hang for killing Gus McKenzie. The ground for reversal is error in the circuit court in forcing the defendant into trial with undue haste.

J. F. Havens, the versatile drummer, was a guest of the Day House over Sunday. He told us that his wife accompanied him on a recent trip through the mountains and that he sold more and better bills than on any other one trip since he has been on the road.

The members of the Methodist church together with several friends went to the parsonage last Thursday evening and gave Rev. L. E. Mann and his wife a surprise pound party. The "pounders" were heartily received by the minister, and he says he has no objection to that style of "pounding."

While going to Sandfield last Sunday afternoon to preach, Prof. Wm. H. Cord met with a painful, though not serious, accident. He was riding along at a pretty fast gait in company with John H. Pieratt, when the professor's horse stumbled and fell, throwing him to the ground and rolling over him. Mr. Cord was confined to his room for several days, but is now able to hobble around on a cane and crutch.

Rev. J. C. Johnson, of Willmore, got here Friday last to assist Rev. L. E. Mann in carrying on the meetings being held at the Methodist church. Mr. Johnson is a very fluent speaker and is doing his work in the service of the Lord in good earnest. The meetings are still going on, and so long as there is any prospect of redeeming sinners will continue nightly. Let the good work go on.

On Friday morning last Columbus Gillaspie, who lives on Grassy, met with a very severe accident. He was engaged in killing hogs, and had stuck one, when in reaching for a rock run the sharp knife into the fleshy part of his right arm, cutting it to the bone. A messenger was at once despatched for a doctor, and Silas Kash hurried to the scene and dressed the wound. The wounded man is getting along nicely.

THE HERALD has a very fine triple silver plate coffee pot which we will award to the first person bringing in 25 cash subscribers between now and the 24th of December. Old subscribers, paying up all arrears and one year in advance will be considered as new and entitled to a chance. This coffee pot will be a handsome Christmas present for any one and all who wish to enter the contest can apply at this office and get a list of subscribers at their respective postoffices so as to know who to approach. Now is the time, and if you want some "free silver" that will be a souvenir of the campaign just closed, go to work at once.

John Mart Sebastian, who was arrested in Morgan county last spring by Detective Drake, and over whom so much trouble was had before requisition papers were granted before he could be taken back to Texas to stand trial for killing a man named Stirling, was found guilty of manslaughter and sentenced to five years in the penitentiary.

You owe this office on subscription and you must pay it. If you agreed to pay corn bring in your corn; if produce of any kind produce it. Printers, like all other mortals, must have something on which to subsist or they won't exist, and now is the time to whack up.

A dispatch received yesterday morning from Tazewell, Va., states that Mrs. Ida Cecil (nee Swango) is very sick and not expected to live. Her mother, Mrs. Josie Swango, left at once, accompanied by Dr. J. M. Kash, to be at her daughter's bedside.

After being exposed to the cold or wet take a dose or two of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey and fortify yourself against cold. This is one of the most efficacious remedies known to science for coughs, colds and incipient consumption.

Rev. John Woods, of Mt. Sterling, and Rev. Mr. Colman, of Beattyville, held a protracted meeting at the colored church at Daysboro last week which closed on last Sunday night. There were ten additions, and thirteen were baptized in Red river on Sunday.

Born, to the wife of Dave Jackson, a boy. Notwithstanding his father has been a life long Republican, he has named the infant Bryan Taulbee, in honor of free silver and the attending physician.

### WOLFE COUNTY.

#### Lane Locals.

Shanghai is still living.

People are generally busy gathering corn.

Mrs. William Hollon is confined to her room with pneumonia fever.

We are going to have a Christmas tree on Christmas day at the new church, known as Elkins chpel.

While J. T. Gevedon was busy rejoicing over the election he lost his best girl, she being a Democrat.

W. J. Hollon has given up his job at Jackson and accepted a position in Morgan county which he likes better.

The M. E. church will hold quarterly meeting at the new church house on the first Sunday in December.

Quite a crowd of the youngsters of Holly visited and had a joyful time at J. M. Patton's, on Stillwater, Saturday night.

Well, as the great campaign is over and McKinley elected and everything is prosperous, I will let you hear from Holly once more. During the campaign I could not enjoy reading THE HERALD as it was so strong against me, but now send her along until just before the next election.

Nov. 30. SHANGHAI.

#### Stillwater Sprays.

James Tibbs made a flying trip to Torrent Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. K. Wilson visited at Gillmore recently.

Judge D. D. Landsaw went to Breathitt last week on business.

James Wilson, of Breathitt county, was in our midst last week.

Mrs. Joe Wilson has been sick for the past week, but is better at this writing.

Widow Landsaw and little grandson, of Holly, visited her brother, M. K. Wilson, on Lacy creek, last week.

Miss Louella Byrd will close her school at the Frank Johnson school house, on Friday week, after a very successful session of five months.

DeWitt Taylor's school, on the poor-house fork of Stillwater, closed last Friday. This is Mr. Taylor's third year at that place and the people would like to have him come back next fall.

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Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish and Chicken a Specialty.  
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# THE HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher

HAZEL GREEN. : : : BY

## OUR LITTLE BOY 'AT'S GONE.

A sight of help he was, our boy 'at went, Pudgin' round with little trousers on. But what was more than all his workin' meant.

He seemed to be our sunshine, now he's gone.

He'd go to take the cows to pasture mornin', An' seems I hear his tiny whistle now.

As I go out and walk about the barns,

Or take the team afied and try to plow.

About the house he kept a sight of noise,

Singin' or trampin' at his boyish will;

It did not seem, with health just like my boy's,

His voice could hush so quick an' be so still.

But we're not sick much mornin' a week, I b'ieve.

An' kept his little senses durin' at,

An' didn't grumble 'cause he had to leave,

But lay there still like, list'nin' for a call.

That evenin' that I never will forget.

He lay beside the winder an' looked out,

But sorrier hoped 'at God would spare him yet.

An' give us back his noisy step an' shout,

But sudden-like he gazed intent ahead,

While crooned the katydids just out the door,

An'—"Angels, mammy! See 'em, pap?" he said,

An' then was still an' never said no more.

Now, sometimes standin' by the meader bars

Waitin' the cows, all lonesome an' forlorn,

The heavens twinklin' with the cur'ous stars,

The breezes whisp'erin' 'mongst the rustlin' corn,

I wish the rustle was of angels' wings,

The stars the guidin' lamps of scraps come,

To waft us after all our sorrows.

Where we're our boy'll all be again at home.

—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

## A WELL-LEARNED LESSON

Really, Margaret, I should think that by this time you could get a decent meal! I wonder if you even care to learn?" The speaker pushed back his chair, with a dark frown on his otherwise handsome face, and arose from the table. "You need not worry yourself further to-day on my account, for I shall lunch downtown and I am going to Charlie's to dinner, so will not be home till rather late. Charlie's sister is here from Virginia," he added by way of explanation, and with a careless "good-by," he swung himself into his overcoat and was gone.

Handsome, selfish Jack Crawford had forgotten that his pretty wife of only a year had graduated from a fashionable boarding school into his arms, and when she had told him of her ignorance, he had laughed at her, and declared they could live on love and roses. That will do for story books, but a healthy hungry man will not survive on such fare for very long. Daisy had struggled bravely, and had mastered the art of bread, pie and cake making, but somehow she could not learn to save, and Jack growled at the bills and declared they never had anything to eat, and was constantly quoting Charlie's wife, till Daisy grew heartily tired of the sound of her name.

The dining-room was a very pretty one, with its delicately-tinted paper and pretty adornments, but the damask tablecloth was soiled and the chintz awry. Daisy's head was down on the window sill, and she heard nothing till a pleasant voice said in her ear: "Daisy, child, what in the world is the matter? surely you are not crying?" and then the tear-stained face was lifted and the girl threw her arms around the form beside her. "Oh, Aunt Alice, I am so glad you are here! Jack is so cross. He says I can't do anything, and I know he is sorry he ever married me; if he isn't I am," and a look of defiance swept over the fair face.

The quick eye of the elder lady took in at a glance the soiled table linen, the little figure in her arms, with its faded and tattered dress, relic of wedding finery, golden hair bound in an unsightly knot, and knowing Jack Crawford's rather fastidious ways, she could not repress a smile. To be sure their short meal was 25 cents per pound, but it was burned instead of broiled, the bread was dry and the coffee muddy.

"Sit down, my dear, and tell me all about it," and then came Daisy's account of the morning.

"I wish I could have a girl, as you do, Aunt Alice. I should think we might, but Jack scolds about bills so much now that I dare not ask him."

"Ah, my dear, if I only had good health how gladly I would do without one. It would be much more pleasant, I assure you. Now, Daisy, this is the beginning, but little things lead to great ones, and if I scold you, you must remember it is only to save you future troubles. In the first place look at the table, and then in the glass."

A burning blush sent a wave of color over face and neck, but she replied, hastily, "Jack would not know or care if it were any different."

"Indeed, Margaret, Jack would care, for he is very proud, and likes everything nice and pretty. Now, to begin with, what are you going to have for to-morrow's breakfast?"

"I don't know; to-morrow is Friday, and I hate it, for Jack insists upon a diet of fish as rigorously as the most devout Catholic, and it seems as if fish

cost more and was harder to cook than anything else."

A journey to the pantry revealed a huge pile of bread, some pieces of beef and roast beef and a dish of cold potatoes.

"Now Daisy, let me give you your bill of fare for to-morrow," said Aunt Alice, as they returned to the dining-room after their survey, and Daisy, with blank book and pencil, seated herself on a low stool.

"For your breakfast get two quarts of clams, at a cost of only 12 cents. Put in a kettle with a little water and boil till they open (after first washing them very clean). Take them from the shell and strain the water they are boiled in, then wash your kettle to remove any particles of sand, and put in the water and a pint of new milk; salt and pepper to taste and let it boil. While that is boiling, take one tablespoonful of flour and a piece of butter the size of a small egg and work them till smooth and use for thickening a trifle. When it just boils up, put in your clams and take off your stove. While your clams are opening, take some slices of bread (being careful not to burn it) and toast very brown, put in a large, covered dish and, when everything else is ready, pour your clams over them. Have your coffee clean and dry, and take three tablespoonfuls of coffee beaten up with an egg, pour in the water and let it boil eight minutes and it will be clear as amber. Take your cold potatoes, mash them fine, add pepper, salt, one-half cupful of milk and a few bits of butter, pack it nicely in a pudding dish and set in the oven. When it is nicely browned, slip on a flat dish and garnish with a wreath of celery leaves. The potatoes you can get ready for the oven to-night, and it will save time in the morning. Fill that pretty glass dish with apple jelly, which you can buy for 50 cents for a five-pound box, and with doughnuts and rolls you will find you have a very nice breakfast.

"For lunch I would have cocoa. Put four small teaspoonfuls, wet up with milk, in your pot, pour on boiling water and let stand ten minutes. Take some more of your dry bread and cut it in thin, even slices, beat an egg well, dip your bread in it, and then fry a light brown. Take four nice, smooth apples, wash and wipe them, take out the core and fill the holes left with sugar and a few drops of vanilla extract; set in the oven and bake. Get a box of brook trout, which will cost only ten cents, put them on a little platter and garnish with the light green, feathery tops of celery and sliced lemon, then with fresh rolls and one of your jelly cakes you lunch is complete.

"Then for dinner, which will take more time and care to prepare, your first course will be soup, and you can buy the little soup cakes at a cost of 15 cents, which will save you the trouble of making it. To prepare these you need only half a cake, break it up fine, pour on a pint of water and let it boil 15 minutes; serve hot with oyster crackers. Get 1 1/2 pounds of haddock, roll it up in a thin cloth and steam for an hour. Put one cupful of milk in a little stewpan and let it come to a boil; meanwhile mix a tablespoonful of flour and butter the size of an egg till smooth, stir into the milk, and when it is like cream pour it over your fish. Bake nice, even-sized potatoes and lay them on a napkin in a dish in such a way that the ends may be folded over them. Take four tablespoonfuls of rice and put in one quart of milk, add salt, one-half cupful of sugar and a teaspoonful of vanilla; bake 1 1/2 hours, stir it for the first hour every 15 minutes, and when done it will be like a thick cream. For your vegetables, steamed squash and fried parsnips; the latter you must first boil and then cut in slices and fry in butter. There is your Friday fare, my dear, neither very hard to prepare nor very expensive."

The face which at the beginning had been a very doleful one was full of eager delight.

"Oh, Aunt Alice, I do wish I could begin at once. I don't want to wait."

"Well, since wait you must, you can improve your time by getting your table in better order," and Aunt Alice sat, like a queen upon her throne, in the great armchair and directed.

The cloth and napkins were snowy white, the dishes and glassware show

from hard rubbing, and when everything was in order, and Aunt Alice had accepted the pleading invitation to "stay all day," Daisy asked:

"What shall we have for lunch? I don't propose to fast because Master Jack chooses to stay down town."

"Take your bits of beefsteak and roast beef and chop them very fine," demanded the queen of the kitchen, "add pepper, salt, a bit of butter and a cupful of hot water. When it is done, serve hot, make some dry toast, a nice cup of tea, and with a lemon pie, which I long to sample, and some of your nice cookies, we shall do very nicely. And now, just one thing more, Margaret. Don't, I beg of you, appear in any more such clothes," pointing to the soiled and faded wrapper of pale blue cashmere, with puffs of still more faded pink silk. "If you haven't any calico wrappers, we will go down town and buy a couple ready-made, which are far better than any attempt at soiled finery."

"But, auntie," pleaded the fair culprit, "I thought this was saving, to wear my old dresses till they were quite worn out."

"No, my dear; no lady can be paraded for soiled clothes. They may be poor or even patched, but if they are

perfectly clean you need not fear to face any caller, no matter what you are doing. A far better method of saving would be to rip your dress, remove the grease spots, and color it a handsome wine or plum. Dip the pink silk in a pink dye and it will come out lovely, only a deeper shade, then make your dress into a tea gown, which you can easily do with a little help to have it cut and fitted."

Before Margaret Crawford retired she was the owner of two pretty morning dresses and as many wide-checked aprons.

"You must have at least six," Aunt Alice said; "but these will do to commence with, the rest you can make yourself."

Tired out with the day's excitement, Daisy was fast asleep when Jack came home, though it was still early, but the memory of a pitiful, babyish face, with big eyes full of unshed tears, had haunted him all day, and in spite of his good dinner and the urging of Charlie Mason and his orderly wife, to say nothing of the brilliant southern sister, he made his excuses and hurried toward home. He had told Charlie of the episode of the morning, and instead of sympathizing with him he had laughed loudly as he merrily told of Belle's mistakes and failures in the beginning.

"I was rough on the little thing," he soliloquized, as he strode along. "She makes better bread and cake than Belle now. Charlie thought I was a bear, I know, but he did not say so."

Taking his boots in his hand, he crept softly up the stairs and into the room. He took a long look at the pretty face, with its frame of golden hair, on the pillow, and then bent and kissed her softly, but light as it was it woke her, and she threw her arms around his neck with a glad cry: "Oh, Jack, Aunt Alice has been here all day, and I have a lovely surprise for you in the morning! What time is it?"

Jack laughed at this greeting and explanation of the day, but he said, softly, as he caressed the golden hair: "I say, Daisy, I was awfully cross this morning. Let's make it all up, and I won't be so mean to you again." And, of course, he was forgiven.

Morning came, and Daisy in her new dress and apron, with smoothly-brushed hair, found that with care she could get her breakfast, and neither have her food burned or raw. Jack praised everything, and ate in a manner which made fair to leave empty dishes, and at last he ran to catch the train, promising, however, to come to lunch, which proved to be even better than breakfast, and one of its prettiest features was the pretty little creature in soft gray cashmere, with trimmings of ruby velvet, and smooth golden curls falling over her shoulders. Jack was delighted, and begged to bring Charlie Mason home to dinner, and Daisy, with some misgivings, gave her consent, but everything was in perfect order, and Charlie declared after that he knew Jack dreamt that Daisy could not cook.

Of course my heroine did not step at once to perfection, there were failures and mistakes, but Aunt Alice kept a look out for her, praising when she could and criticizing when she could not. And with the help of Good Housekeeping, which Jack presented her with, she became a homemaker, a help and comfort to her husband, instead of a wife in name only.—Good Housekeeping.

### Common Sense.

In the midst of a stormy discussion a gentleman rose to settle the matter in dispute. Waving his hand majestically, he began: "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense," "Exactly," retorted another, "that is precisely what you do want." But Sir Edward Clarke's retort in the Jameson trial is still more to the purpose. The attorney general had argued against Sir Edward Clarke's points as being contrary to common sense. Sir Edward objected. "Then you think," said the lord chief justice dryly, "that common sense has nothing to do with a legal point." "No," replied Sir Edward, with that quickness and felicity which never fails him: "I am only of Archbishop Whately's opinion, who said that common sense is an authority to which everybody appeals on any subject he does not fully understand." — London Household Words.

### Cold Tomato Catsup.

Scald and squeeze seeds from half a peck of tomatoes, add two roots of horseradish, grated, one quart of nasturtiums, chopped, one teaspoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of black mustard seed, one tablespoonful of celery seed, one cupful of chopped onions, two sweet red peppers, chopped fine, one green pepper, chopped, two teaspoonsfuls of black pepper, one teaspoonful of ground cloves, one teaspoonful of ground mace, two teaspoonsfuls of cinnamon, one quart of vinegar. Mix all together, then bottle and seal.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

### Castor Oil Hair Tonic.

The fashionable coiffure for young women and girls is waved at the sides, where it droops a little. Small combs hold these waves in place. The coil at the back is plaited rather high. Castor oil, pure and simple, is said to be an excellent tonic for the hair, used once a month. It is applied with a small, fine sponge, which is dipped in the oil and rubbed on the scalp, the hair being parted with the fingers.—N. Y. Recorder.

## SELF-EXECUTION IN JAPAN.

Long a Part of the Penal System in the Mikado's Domain.

The Japanese samurai, from earliest childhood, was trained in the most elaborate code of honor of mind ever devised, and which to him represented the law. Common people might be punished for infractions against property or person; for the samurai there was but one termination for a stain upon his escutcheon or that of his clan; self immolation by hara-kiri as the act was termed; seppuku as the ceremony of disemboweling was styled. "We cannot survive our defeat," said the confidential adviser of Keiki Tokugawa, the last shogun, when they had retired to the castle of Osaka after the disastrous battle of Fushimi and he advised seppuku. But Keiki did not see it and survives today in the castle at Shizuoka, although the man who proposed the suicide, true to his principles, carried out his intention. A samurai to-day cannot be put to death as a common criminal. If he should fail to dispatch himself, he must first be reduced to the class of helmin, common people, after which the law may take its course.

Although no longer a recognized institution, there is little doubt it is occasionally resorted to, even while being disengaged by the enlightened members of the government. But it is safe to predict that this method of suicide will continue to exist as long as the Yamato Damashili (literally spirit of old Japan) is guarded by the samurai, although it may be concealed from foreign observers, who have but little sympathy with this mode of evincing contrition or of making reparation.

The act of hara-kiri was witnessed only once, so far as records go, by foreigners. It was in February, 1868. The port of Hiogo (Kobe) had been opened to foreigners, when a party of Hizen troops passed through on their way to Kyoto. One of the captains, Taki Zenbaru, gave orders to fire on the foreigners, and, although little damage was done, the act was so wanton and unprovoked that prompt and proportionate punishment of the offender was demanded, so that these promiscuous attacks upon peaceful foreigners might cease. The government assented, and Taki was ordered to commit seppuku by the emperor's command, and that there might be no mistake representatives of the foreign powers were invited to be present at the sickening drama.

The time was set at 10:30 p. m., the place, the "hondo," or main hall of the Seikujii temple of Hiogo. Ito Shunsuke, now his successor, Marquis Ito Hirobumi, premier of the cabinet, but then provisional governor of Hiogo, had been ordered to witness the punishment on the part of the government. Altogether there were seven kenshi, or witnesses, probably to correspond in number with the foreigners detailed to witness the act.

The general opinion prevails that the man about to commit hara-kiri dies by his own hand. This is not so. He is accompanied by a kishshaku, a second, frequently selected by himself, for his skill with the sword.

Takintered, calmly and steadily, but without bravado, dressed in his robes of ceremony, and after bowing respectfully to the kenshi and foreign witnesses, proceeded to the mats covered with a rug of scarlet felt, upon which he squatted in a respectful attitude, the knees and toes touching the ground but the body resting upon the knees, and slightly bending forward. He now declared that he alone was responsible for the firing, speaking in a steady tone. An assistant now brought a tray upon which rested a wakizashi, or pointed nine and one-half inches long, pointed and sharp as a razor. The condemned man took the weapon, after unfastening his clothes to drop to his waist, and, says an eye-witness, "stabbing deeply below the waist on the left-hand side, drew the dirk slowly across to the right side, and, turning it in the wound, gave a slight cut upward." He now drew the dirk out, and bent his head forward, whereupon the kishshaku, or second, who had been crouching on his left hand, brandished his sword, and, at one blow severed the head from the body. It was then certified to by the kenshi, or witnesses, and the horrible drama closed.

This peculiar mode of atonement became part of the Japanese judicial system under the Ashikaga rule, the third dynasty of shoguns (1336-1568 A. D.). It was a privilege reserved strictly for the daimio and their armed retainers, the samurai, and generally took place at night, the place of execution being either the yashiki (baronial residence) or the adjoining garden, according to the rank of the sufferer. When Ieyasu founded the last dynasty of shoguns, the house of Tokugawa, a ponderous code of ceremonial was instituted, and as the young samurai grew up it was an essential part of their education to become familiar with a ceremony in which at any time they might be called upon to take a leading part. This accounts for the courage and contempt of death which characterizes the official class of Japanese to-day, and which evoked the admiration of the world in the China-Japanese war, especially at the siege and capture of Wei-Hai-Wei.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

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There's **MONEY** in it!

## CHANT OF STARS.

Universe Thrilled With Cadence When the Morning Stars Sang Together.

Planets and Worlds Were in Harmony For the Discord of Sin Had Not Been Struck—An Eloquent Sermon by Rev. Dr. Talmage, D. D.

Dr. Talmage, in his sermon Sunday, illustrated a most practical truth. His subject was: "The Chant of the Stars," and the text, Job xxxviii, 6-7: "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

We have all seen the ceremony at the laying of the corner-stone of church, asylum or Masonic temple. Into the hollow of the stone were placed scrolls of history and important documents, to be suggestive if, 100 or 200 years after the building should be destroyed by fire or torn down. We remember the silver trowel or iron hammer that smote the square piece of granite into sanctity. We remember some venerable man who presided wielding the trowel or hammer. We remember also the music as the choir stood on the scattered stones and timber of the building about to be constructed. The leaves of the note books fluttered in the wind, and were turned over with a great rustling, and we remember how the bass, baritone, tenor, contralto and soprano voices commingled. They had for many days been rehearsing the special programme, that it might be worthy of the corner stone laying.

In my text the poet of Uz calls us to a grander ceremony—the laying of the foundation of this great temple of a world. The corner stone was a block of light and the trowel was of celestial crystal.

All about and on the embankments of clouds stood the angelic choristers, unrolling their librettos of overture, and other worlds clapped shining cymbals while the ceremony went on, and God the architect, by stroke of light after stroke of light, dedicated the great cathedral of a world, with mountains for pillars, and sky for fresco ceiling, and flowering fields for a floor, and sunrise and midnight aurora for upholstery. "Who laid the corner-stone thereof, when the morning stars sang together?"

The fact is that the whole universe was a complete cadence, an unbroken dithyramb, a musical portfolio. The great sheet of immensity had been spread out, and written on it were the stars, the smaller of them minims, the larger of them sustained notes. The meteors marked the staccato passages the whole Heavens a gamut with all sounds, intonations, modulations, the space between the words a musical interval, trembling of stellar light a quaver, the thunder a bass clef, the wind among trees a treble clef. That is the way God made all things a perfect harmony.

But one day a harp string snapped in the great orchestra. One day a voice sounded out of tune. One day a discord, harsh and terrific grated upon the glorious antiphon. It was sin that made the dissonance, and that harsh discord has been sounding through the centuries. All the work of Christians and philanthropists and reformers of all ages is to stop that discord and get all things back into the perfect harmony which was heard at the laying of the corner stone when the morning stars sang together. Before I get through, if I am divinely helped, I will make it plain that sin is discord and righteousness harmony. That, in general, things are out of tune is as plain as to a musician's ear is the unhappy clash of clarinet and bassoon in an orchestral rendering.

The world's health out of tune: weak lungs and the atmosphere in collision, disordered eye and noonday light in quarrel, rheumatic limb and damp weather in struggle, neuralgias and pneumonias and consumptions and epilepsies in flocks sweep upon neighborhoods and cities. Where you find one person with sound throat and keen eyesight, and alert ear and easy respiration, and regular pulsation and supple limb, and prime digestion and steady nerves, you find a hundred who have to be very careful because this or that or the other physical function is disordered.

The human intellect out of tune: the judgment wrongly served or the memory leaky or the will weak or the temper inflammable, the well-balanced mind exceptional.

Domestic life out of tune: only here and there a conjugal outbreak of incompatibility of temper through divorce courts, or a filial outbreak about a father's will through the surrogate's court, or a case of wife-beating or husband-poisoning through the criminal courts, but thousands of families with June outside and January within.

Society out of tune. Labor and capital, their hands on each other's throat. Spirit of caste keeping those down in the social scale who are struggling to get up, and putting those who are up in anxiety lest they have to come down. No wonder the old pianoforte of society is all out of tune, when hypocrisy and lying, and subterfuge, and double dealing, and sycophancy, and charlatanism, and revenge, have for 6,000 years been banging away at the keys and stamping the pedals.

On all sides there is a shipwreck of harmonies. Nations in discord without realizing it; so wrong is the feeling of nation for nation that symbols chosen are fierce and destructive. In this country, where our skies are full of robins and doves and morning larks,

we have our national symbol the fierce and filthy eagle, as cruel a bird as can be found in all the ornithological catalogues. In Great Britain, where they have lambs and fallow deer, their symbol is the merciless lion. In Russia, where from between her frozen north and blooming south all kindly beasts dwell, they chose the growling bear; and in the world's heraldry a favorite figure is the dragon, a fabled winged serpent, ferocious and dreadful. And so fond is the world of contention that we climb out through the heavens and baptize one of the other planets with the spirit of battle and call it Mars, after the god of war; and we give to the eighth sign of the zodiac the name of the scorpion, a creature which is chiefly celebrated for its deadly sting. But, after all, these symbols are expressive of the way nation feels toward nation. Discord wide as the continent and bridging the seas.

I suppose you have noticed how warmly in love dry goods stores are with other dry goods stores, and how highly grocerymen think of the sugars of the grocerymen on the same street. And in what a eulogistic way allopathic and homeopathic doctors speak of each other, and how ministers will sometimes put ministers on that beautiful cooking instrument which the English call a spit, an iron roller with spikes on it, and turned by a crane before a hot fire, and then if the minister being roasted cries out against it, the men who are turning him say: "Hush, my brother, we are turning the spit for the glory of God and the *good* of your soul, and you must be quiet while we close the service with:

"Blest be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love."

The earth is diametered and circumference with discord, and the music that was rendered at the laying of the world's corner stone, when the morning stars sang together, is not heard now; and though here and there, from this and that part of society, and from this and that part of the earth, there comes a thrilling solo of love, or a warble of worship, or a sweet duet of patience, they are drowned out by a discord that shakes the earth.

Paul says: "The whole creation groaneth," and while the nightingale, and the plover sometimes sing so sweetly that their notes have been written out in musical notation, and it is found that the cuckoo sings in the key of D, and that the cormorant is a basso in the winged choir, yet sportsman's gun and the autumnal blast often leave them ruffled and bleeding or dead in meadow or forest. Paul was right, for the groan in nature drowns out the prima donnas of the sky.

Tartini, the great musical composer, dreamed one night that he made a contract with Satan, the latter to be ever in the composer's service. But one night he handed Satan a violin, on which Diabolus played such sweet music that the composer was awakened by the emotion, and tried to reproduce the sounds, and therefore was written Tartini's most famous piece, "The Devil's Sonata," a dream ingenius, but faulty, for all melody descends from Heaven, and only discords ascend from hell. All hatreds, feuds, controversies, backbitings and revenges are the devil's sonata, are diabolical fugue, are demoniac phantasy, are grand march of doom, are allegro of perdition.

But if in this world things in general are out of tune to our frail ear, how much more so to beings angelic and divine! It takes a skilled artist to fully appreciate disagreement of sound. Many have no capacity to detect a defect of musical execution, and, though there were in one bar as many offenses against harmony as could crowd in between the lower F of the bass and the higher G of the soprano, it would give them no discomfort, while on the forehead of the educated artist heads of perspiration would stand out as a result of the harrowing dissonance. While an amateur was performing on a piano and had just struck the wrong chord, John Sebastian Bach, the immortal composer, entered the room, and the amateur rose in embarrassment, and Bach rushed past the host, who stepped forward to greet him, and before the keyboard had stopped vibrating, put his adroit hand upon the keys and changed the painful inharmony into glorious cadence. Then Bach turned and gave salutation to the host.

But the worst of all discord is moral discord. If society and the world are painfully discordant to imperfect man, what must they be to a perfect God! People try to define what sin is. It seems to me that sin is getting out of harmony with God, a disagreement with His holiness, with His purity, with His love, with His commands, our will clashing with His will, the finite dashing against the infinite, the frail against the puissant, the created against the Creator. If 1,000 musicians, with flute and cornet-a-piston, and trumpet, and violoncello, the hautboy, and trombone, and all the wind and stringed instruments that ever gathered in a Dusseldorf jubilee should resolve that they would play out of tune, and put discord to the rack, and make the place wild with shrieking and grating and rasping sounds, they could not make such a pandemonium as that which rages in a sinful soul when God listens to the play of its thoughts, passions and emotion—discord, lifelong discord, maddening discord.

The world pays more for discord

than it does for consonance. High prices have been paid for music. One man gave \$225 to hear the Swedish songstress in New York, and another \$225 to hear her in Providence. Fabulous prices have been paid for sweet sounds, but far more has been paid for discord. The Crimean war cost \$1,700,000,000, and the American civil war over \$950,000,000, and the war debts of professed Christian nations are about \$15,000,000,000. The world pays for this red ticket, which admits it to the saturnalia of broken bones, and death agonies, and destroyed cities, and plowed graves, and destroyed hearts, any amount of money Satan asks. Discord! Discord!

But I have to tell you that the song that the morning stars sang together at the laying of the world's corner stone is to resound again. Mozart's greatest overture was composed one night when he was several times overpowered with sleep, and artists say they can tell the places in the music where he was falling asleep, and places where he awakened. So the overture of the morning stars, spoken of in my text, has been asleep, but it will awaken and be more grandly rendered by the evening stars of the world's existence than by the morning stars, and the vespers will be sweeter than the matins. The work of all good men and women and of all good churches and all reform associations help to bring the race back to the original harmony. The rebellious heart to be attuned, social life to be attuned, communal ethics to be attuned, internationality to be attuned, hemispheres to be attuned.

In olden times the choristers had a tuning fork with two prongs, and they would strike it on the back of pew or music rack and put it to the air, and then start the tune, and all the other voices would join. In modern orchestra the leader has a complete instrument rightly tuned, and he sounds that, and all the other performers tune the keys of their instruments to make them correspond, and draw the bow over the strings and listen, and sound it over again, until all the keys are screwed to concert pitch, and the discords melt into one great symphony, and the curtain hoists, and the baton taps, and audiences are raptured with Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," or Rossini's "Stabat Mater," or Bach's "Magnificat" in D.

Now, our world can never be attuned by an imperfect instrument. Even a Cremona would not do. Heaven has ordained the only instrument, and it is made out of the wood of the cross, and the voices that accompany it are imported voices, cantatrices of the first Christmas night, when Heaven serenaded the earth with "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Lest we start too far off, and get lost in generalities, we had better begin with ourselves, get our own hearts and lives in harmony with the eternal Christ. Oh, for His Almighty Spirit to attune us to chord our will with His will, to modulate our life with His life, and bring us into unison with all that is pure, and self-sacrificing, and heavenly! The strings of our nature are all broken and twisted, and the bow is so slack it can not evoke anything mellifluous. The instrument made for Heaven to play on has been roughly twanged and struck by influences worldly and demoniac. O master hand of Christ restore this split, and fractured, and despoiled, and unstrung nature, until first we shall wait out for our sin and then thrill with Divine pardon!

The whole world must also be attuned by the same power. I was in a weighing scale manufactory of Vermont. Six hundred hands, and they have never had a strike. Complete harmony between labor and capital, the operatives of scores of years in their beautiful homes near by the mansions of the manufacturers, whose invention and Christian behavior made the great enterprise. So, all the world over, labor and capital will be brought into euphony. You may have heard what is called the "Anvil Chorus," composed by Verdi, a tune played with hammers, great and small, now with mighty stroke, and now with heavy stroke, beating a great iron anvil. That is what the world has got to come to—anvil chorus, yard stick chorus, shuttle chorus, trowel chorus, crowbar chorus, pickax chorus, gold mine chorus, rail track chorus, locomotive chorus. It can be done, and it will be done. So all social life will be attuned by the Gospel harp. There will be as many classes in society as now, but the classes will not be regulated by birth, or wealth, or accident, but by the scale of virtue and benevolence, and people will be assigned to their places as good, or very good, or most excellent. So, also, commercial life will be attuned, and there will be 12 in every dozen and 16 ounces in every pound, and apples at the bottom of the barrel will be as sound as those on the top, and silk goods will not be cotton, and sellers will not have to charge honest people more than the right price because others will not pay, and goods will come to you corresponding with the sample by which you purchased them, and coffee will not be chicoried, and sugar will not be sanded, and milk will not be chalked, and adulteration of food will be a state prison offense. All things shall be attuned.

In the sixteenth century the singers called the Fischer brothers reached the lowest bass ever recorded, and the highest note ever trilled was by La Pastardella, and Catalini's voice had a compass of three and a half octaves; but Christianity is more wonderful, for it runs all up and down the greatest heights and the deepest depths of the world's necessity, and it will compass everything and bring it in accord with the song which the morning stars sang at the laying of the world's corner stone. All the sacred music in homes, and concert halls, and churches tends towards this consummation. Make it more and more hearty. Sing in your families. Sing in your places of business. If we with proper spirit use these facilities we are rehearsing for the skies.

Heaven is to have a new song, an entirely new song, but I should not wonder, if sometimes on earth a tune is fashioned out of many tunes, or it is one tune with the variations, so some of the songs of the redeemed may have playing through them the songs of earth; and how thrilling, as coming through the great anthem of the saved, accompanied by harpers and trumpeters with their trumpets, if we should hear some of the strains of Antioch, and Mount Pisgah, and Coronation, and Lenox, and St. Martin's, and Fountain, and Ariel, and Old Hundred! How they would bring to mind the praying circles, and communion days, and the Christmas festivals, and the church worship in which on earth we mingled! I have no idea that when we bid farewell to earth we are to bid farewell to all these grand Gospel hymns, which melted and captured our souls for so many years. Now, if sin is discord, and righteousness harmony, let us get out of the one and enter the other. After our dreadful civil war was over, in the summer of 1869, a great national peace jubilee was held in Boston, and, as a elder of my church had been honored by the selection of some of his music to be rendered on that occasion, I accompanied him to the jubilee. Forty thousand people sat and stood in the great coliseum erected for that purpose. Thousands of wind and stringed instruments. Twelve thousand trained voices. The masterpieces of all ages rendered, hour after hour, day after day—Handel's "Judas Macabaeus," Spohr's "Last Judgment," Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," Haydn's "Creation," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Meyerbeer's "Coronation March," rolling on and up in surges that billowed against the heavens. The mighty cadences within were accompanied on the outside by the ringing of the bells of the city and cannon on the commons, discharged by electricity in exact time with the music, thundering their awful bars of harmony that astounded all nations. Sometimes I bowed my head and wept. Sometimes I stood up in the enchantment, and sometimes the effect was so overpowering I felt I could not endure it, especially when all the voices were in full chorus, and all the batons were in full wave, and all the orchestra in full triumph, and a hundred anvils under mighty hammers were in full clang, and all the towers of the city rolled in their majestic sweetness, and the whole building quaked with the boom of 30 cannon. Parepa Rosa, with a voice that will never again be equaled on earth until the archangelic voice proclaims that time shall be no longer, rose above all other sounds in her rendering of our national air: "The Star-Spangled Banner." It was too much for a mortal, quite enough for an immortal to hear, and, while some fainted, one womanly spirit, released under its power, sped away to be with God.

### INTERESTING ITEMS.

THE Gospel is preached in 30 different languages in the United States.

WM. STOHLER, the newest Colorado millionaire, has his wife for a business partner.

A "CARAT," as a weight for gold and diamonds, was originally a grain of Indian wheat, well dried.

WHEN the birch is used in prisons the victim's head is put between the front legs and his body drawn tightly over a cushion.

IF there were but one potato in the world, a careful cultivator might produce 10,000,000,000 from it in ten years, and thus supply the world with seed again.

EDWARD HUGHSON, accused of murdering his wife at a farmhouse near Albany, N. Y., has been convicted of murder in the first degree. The penalty is death in the electric chair.

THE queerest birthmark which the authorities tell anything about is on the back of Joseph Rotherman's neck. Joseph is a resident of Connellsburg, Pa., and his odd mark is hardly noticeable, but by the end of the first quarter it is an angry-looking crescent, daily increasing in size. When the moon is at the full Rotherman's birthmark has also maintained its maximum size. It decreases as the moon wanes and by the time of old or new moon is again scarcely noticeable.

FIFTY years ago only about 5,000,000 pounds of rubber were used annually in the world. The consumption now amounts to 70,000,000, and it is increasing every year. The invention of the rubber tire multiplied the demand for this valuable product of the rubber tree many fold. It is said that the rubber tree forests of Brazil are being rapidly destroyed by the ruthless rubber hunter. At any rate men familiar with the subject are now casting about for places in this country and on the African continent where the rubber tree can be grown with profit.

### HUNTING BUFFALOES.

A Method That Lacked the Spice of Sport and Was Cruel.

Of all the deadly methods of buffalo slaughter, the "still hunt" was the deadliest, says writer up on the extermination of the buffalo in America. It was destitute of nearly every element of the buoyant spice of danger that accompanied buffalo hunting on horseback, and to-day it is considered to have been mere butchery of the tamest and yet the most cruel kind. About it there was none of the true excitement of the chase. The chase on horseback furnished sport of a superior kind, keenly exhilarating, with an element of danger, in the excitement and eagerness of which the horse shared with the rider. To be successful in this chase required a good horse, a bold rider, a firm seat, and perfect familiarity with weapons. Whenever the hunters discovered a herd of buffalo, they usually got to leeward of it and quietly rode forward in a body, or stretched out in a skirmish line. Usually the animals, with a confidence due more to their great numbers than anything else, would allow a party to approach within from 200 to 400 yards of their flank, and then they would start off at a slow trot. The hunters then put spurs to their horses and dashed forward. The fatal spot on a buffalo is 12 to 18 inches in circumference, and is situated immediately back of the foreleg, so that a man, even if a poor shot, keeping his nerve, was almost sure to bring down his game at close range, seldom, if ever, wasting a shot. The dangers, of course, were many, and on almost every roundup accidents occurred, a few of which every year were fatal.

But with the still hunt all was different. So long as the chase was the order of the day, it ordinarily required the united efforts of from 15 to 25 hunters to kill 1,000 buffaloes in a single season, but a single hunter with a long-range, breech-loader, who knew how to make a "sneak" and "get a stand on a bunch," often succeeded in killing from 1,000 to 3,000 in a single season by his own unaided efforts. Capt. Jack Bridges, of Kansas, who was one of the first to begin the final slaughter of the southern herd, killed by contract 1,112 buffaloes in six weeks. By daylight the still hunter sallied forth on foot, carrying in his hand his huge Sharp's rifle, weighing from 16 to 19 pounds, with from 75 to 100 loaded cartridges in his two belts or bags at his side. From his belt hung his ripping knife, his skinning knife and a butcher's steel, upon which to sharpen them. The total weight was seldom less than 36 pounds and often more. Having selected a position within 100 to 250 yards of his game, although the distance was sometimes greater, the hunter got a comfortable rest for his huge rifle, and, all the time keeping his own presence thoroughly hidden from view, estimated the distance, carefully adjusted his sights, and deliberately began business. If the herd was moving, the animal in the lead was the first one shot, if the herd was at rest the oldest cow, which was usually the leader, was the first one killed. The noise would startle the buffaloes, and they would stare at the little cloud of white smoke and feel inclined to run, but seeing their leader hesitate, they would wait for her, but she would fall to the ground, and the other members of the herd would go on grazing. The policy of the hunter was not to fire too rapidly, but to attend closely to business, and shoot down any buffalo which attempted to make off. One shot per minute was a moderate rate to fire, but under pressure of circumstances two per minute could be discharged with deliberate precision.—*St. Louis Republic*.

### Floating Sanitariums.

The sanitarium at sea is a European idea. A large steamer especially fitted up for the accommodation of invalids in need of fresh air and a favorable climate is to be constructed by a ship-owning association. The ship is to be in constant employment for eight or nine months in the year, but for at least three months out of the twelve she will go into dock in order to be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected. It is proposed to make this steamer, which is to be the forerunner of a large fleet similarly equipped, a veritable floating palace in the matters of both comfort and salubrity.

Although skilled advice and nursing will always be available, the accompaniments of a sanitarium will be kept as much as possible in the background. The prominent idea to be carried out in this new departure is the isolation of a dangerous class, with the least possible amount of discomfort to its members; and, furthermore, that by a judicious timing of moves the sufferers will be afforded a chance of recovery under the most favorable climatic conditions, which it would be difficult to secure otherwise. A list of anchorages has been made, all of which have their special seasons. As soon as any undesirable change of weather is imminent at the port of stopping, the ship will sail for a more salubrious climate.—*Washington Star*.

### Like a Cyclone.

"Our party will sweep this country like a whirlwind," shouted the leather-tongued orator from the stump. "I guess if wind'll sweep her you'll get there," came from the granger with a reserved seat on a barrel.—*Detroit Free Press*.

## Constipation

Causes fully half the sickness in the world. It retains the digested food too long in the bowels and produces biliousness, torpid liver, indigestion, bad taste, coated tongue, sick headache, insomnia, etc. Hood's Pills cure constipation and all its results, easily and thoroughly. 25c. All druggists. Prepared by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. The only Pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

### LATE STATE NEWS.

Richmond is soon to have a daily paper, with R. Lee Davis as editor.

Chicken and turkey thieves made big hauls around Covington recently.

Aaron Broxton was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary for house-breaking, at Maysville.

Luke Crider pleaded guilty at Harlan to stealing cattle from his father, and got one year in the pen for it.

Gordon Dudley, twenty-three years of age and deputy sheriff of Madison county, attempted suicide with laudanum.

Frank Pilsky shot and killed Frank Williams, a friend and neighbor. Both were prominent young men of Johnson county.

A bill will be presented to the next Legislature asking that it be made unlawful to kill a quail in Kentucky for five years.

The contract for the new buildings of the feeble minded institute at Frankfort, was awarded to a Louisville firm at their bid of \$41,000.

James Lee Patton, who was sent to the penitentiary for one year from Magonia for perjury, has been pardoned by Governor Bradley.

The Middlesboro coal company has just closed a contract with parties in Atlanta, Ga., for the delivery to them of 30,000 tons of coal.

A Hopkins county young lady ate some half ripe persimmons the other day and they puckered up her mouth so that she whistles every time she breathes.

The Mayfield Mirror says there has been a larger acreage of wheat sown this fall than usual, and they say the ground was much better cultivated before the sowing.

John Jones, son of Rev. Thos. Jones, living near Beattyville, will lose a leg as a result of an accidental discharge of a 44-caliber pistol, the ball taking effect in his ankle.

Andy Roark, who claimed to be 130 years old, died at his home in Leslie county. He died suddenly, and made remarks that he had outlived all his neighbors and was willing to die.

G. W. Myers, a prominent business man of Paris, was waylaid and brutally beaten with a club while on the way home from his store the other night. It is thought robbery was the motive.

As the result of an election bet, W. S. Wright, of Croftsville, agent for the Asher lumber company, was soused into the cold waters of the north fork of the Kentucky river by Uncle Madison Collins.

Stephen Langford, a wealthy citizen of Madison county, has presented his favorite nephew, William Langford, with a deed to 1,700 acres of land and a check for \$5,000. The total value of the gift is \$50,000.

While trying to cross the north fork of the Sandy river, a two bushel sack of corn got overbalanced on Wm. Thacker's shoulder, and in trying to shift it back he fell with the sack across his neck and was drowned.

The sawmills along the Kentucky river in Breathitt and Lee counties have all placed orders with the timber men for larger timber supplies than usual for the winter season, and extensive operations are expected.

The November term of the Letcher circuit convened at Whitesburg recently, and for the first time in her sixty years of history the criminal docket is perfectly clear. This is a good showing for the border mountain county.

The mountains around Middlesboro are full of black bear, wild turkeys and deer. Two large bears have been killed in the edge of town, more than one hundred and fifty turkeys have been sighted in one drove, and deer have been drinking from the waterworks reservoir.

Charlton Alexander, the cattle king of Bourbon county, has shipped 650 head of fat beef cattle across the waters to be used by the Johnnie Bulls for Christmas dinners. The average weight was 1,750 pounds. He has been furnishing Christmas beef for the Englishmen for the last fifteen years.

The stockholders of three turnpikes in Anderson county will ask for a writ of prohibition to prevent the Anderson fiscal court from levying taxes in aid of free turnpikes. Not a cent of toll is now collected on any turnpike in Anderson and several of the roads have been turned over to the county.

The mother of John Shields, who was given two years in the penitentiary for cutting another negro, says the Danville Advocate, has deserted her husband and gone to Frankfort so as to be able to visit her boy every day or so. It will be remembered that when the boy was convicted the woman fainted, and said afterward that God alone could separate her from him. She made her word good by bidding her husband farewell until the two years are served.

Winchester is not the dead town some people think it to be. Read what the Democrat says: "Wednesday was not a day of stagnation in our city. There were two weddings, two funerals, a hop, two fights, a serious accident, to say nothing of the bazaar held by the ladies of the Catholic church and the cake auction by the ladies of the Christian church, the day being ended by a 'ghost party' in the college end of town, and an entertainment at the opera house at night."

The strangest story of the season comes from the Johnson vicinity, says the Flemingsburg Times-Democrat. A calf belonging to Albert Wilson, the well known stock dealer, three weeks old, got hold of a pair of old fashioned pot-hooks and swallowed one end of them so far that it became fastened in its throat so that all efforts to pull it out were unavailing, and the operation of tracheotomy was resorted to. An incision was made in the throat, the hook broken and taken out, the throat stitched up, and at last reports the calf was alive and in good shape.

### Try It and See.

Whatever may be said about the publications of Rev. Irl R. Hick by those who do not fully understand the facts, there is no use denying the truth that paper and almanac have come to stay.

His splendid journal, Word and Works, is now entering its tenth year, largely increased in circulation and in every way improved, until it deserves the national reputation it has attained. His 1897 almanac is now ready and is by far the finest and most beautiful he has yet issued. It contains 108 pages, including cover artistically printed in colors, and is filled from back to back with just what is wanted in every shop, office and home in America. One feature of the almanac for 1897 is a series of 12 original beautifully engraved star maps, with explanatory chapters, which could not be bought for less than five dollars in any work on astronomy. As Mr. Hicks has so correctly and faithfully warned the public of coming droughts, floods, cold waves, blizzards, tornadoes and cyclones, in the years passed, aside from the other varied and splendid features of his paper and almanac, these considerations alone should prompt every family to subscribe for 1897. The almanac is only 25 cents a copy. Word and Works is one dollar a year, and a copy of the fine almanac goes as a premium with every yearly subscription. Write to Word and Works Publishing Company, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—SEVERAL FAITHFUL MEN or women to travel for responsible established houses in Kentucky. Salary \$750, payable \$15 weekly and expenses. Position permanent. Reference. Enclose self-addressed envelope. The National, Star Building, Chicago. 23-48

The following essay written on corns was written by a young lady: "Corns are of two kinds—vegetable and animal. Vegetable corn grow in rows; animal corns grow on toes. Unicorn, capricorn, corn dodger, field corn and corn whisky. Gophers do not have corns, but persons having them do not like to 'go fur' if they can help it. Corns have kernels, and some colonels have corns. They say corns are produced by tight boots and shoes, which is probably the reason why when a man is tight they say he is corned. If a farmer manages well he gets a good deal of corn per acre, but we know of a farmer who has one acre with one corn. Another kind of corn is the dodger. In fact every man with a corn is a dodger."

To Cure Cold In One Day  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c.

The sawmills along the Kentucky river in Breathitt and Lee counties have all placed orders with the timber men for larger timber supplies than usual for the winter season, and extensive operations are expected.

The November term of the Letcher circuit convened at Whitesburg recently, and for the first time in her sixty years of history the criminal docket is perfectly clear. This is a good showing for the border mountain county.

The mountains around Middlesboro are full of black bear, wild turkeys and deer. Two large bears have been killed in the edge of town, more than one hundred and fifty turkeys have been sighted in one drove, and deer have been drinking from the waterworks reservoir.



As the bell-booy enables the mariner to avoid sunken rocks and shoals, so Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey wards off the serious consequences of a cough neglected. It stops the cough and cures the cause. "I was seriously ill for eight or ten years. Paid a hundred of dollars to doctors and for medicine, but everything failed until I tried Dr. Bell's Pine-Tar-Honey. This wonderful remedy saved my life."

J. B. ROSEL, Grantsburg, Ill.

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